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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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PROFESSOR EGBERT SMYTHE ON THE CREEDS AND FUTURE PROBATION.

BY REV. DR. I. E. DWINELL.

The papers reported Professor Smythe as saying, in his speech at Des Moines, that the denial of future probation "is putting into the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ what the gospel itself does not contain, and what the creeds of Christendom have not put there. You may go through all the ecumenical creeds—and I know them almost by heart—and there is nothing of the sort in them. I have been through the creeds of the churches, many and many of them, and the doctrine is not there."

Professor Smythe would convey the impression that the historical creeds, by not denying it, do not conflict with future probation; and he argues that it is, therefore, unreasonable for those accepting the creeds to object to it. The Des Moines speech is not the only time or place that he has used this argument. It seems that the New Departure men regard this as one of their strong points. Let us examine it, and see what it is worth.

In the first place, there is always in the evangelical churches a great amount of unwritten belief regarded by them as vital. There are whole denominations that do not put any of their belief in creed form; and yet no other Christians have a more positive or sharply defined faith. If one should reason that all sorts of vagaries of doctrine are permitted in the churches of the "Disciples" and "Christians," because they are not fenced off by written symbols, he would show he did not recognize the difference between silence, in a written creed, and toleration. The denominations that have creeds have been by no means careful to put all the belief regarded by them as vital in their summaries of doctrine. The Mormons hold to polygamy as a religious doctrine. We Congregationalists have never put our disavowal of it in our symbols. What would you think if some Professor of the twentieth century should say that he had searched the historical creeds of the Congregational churches of all the centuries, through and through, and had not found in one of them anything opposed to polygamy, and that, therefore, from that time, this Mormon doctrine ought to be tolerated in Congregational churches? It has not been condemned in the symbols; therefore, it may be practiced!

Again, it should suggest itself to one having the historical instinct and spirit, that creeds do not spring up to express completely the faith of the churches, to give a rounded view of doctrine, so much as to protect imperiled portions of truth. Something was in the air at the time that called for a definition of doctrine at those particular points. In origin, creed statements are polemic strongholds, erected over against an enemy or a peril. Strategists do not build forts to cover the vast interior regions that are peaceful, unmenaced and secure, but points that are exposed. You do not measure the possessions of a country by what lies within the reach of its guns, but by what is held without any thought of an enemy. You find only a small part of the accepted historical faith of the churches in the historical symbols, because there was no peril or exposure requiring more to be put there.

Hence, if you have evidence that a given belief existed at any particular time in the Church, and yet that belief does not happen to have the distinction of being specifically brought out in the creed, that fact is really an emphatic testimony in favor of its unqualified acceptance at the time. It shows that it was so commonly and unquestioningly believed, there was no occasion to give it a dogmatic definition. It was a fact of the secure faith, and was not garrisoned.

What, then, was the belief of the churches bearing on this point during the historical period, showing that, while future probation is not denied in the creeds, the belief of it could not have existed in the churches?

The Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed are so brief in their references to this subject that nothing can be inferred from them upon it. They simply say that Christ Jesus shall "come to judge the quick and the dead." The Athanasian Creed is fuller. It reads: "Christ shall come to judge the quick and the dead; at whose coming all men shall rise again with their bodies, and shall give account for their own works; and they that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire." This must be taken out of the whole atmosphere of the age in which it was written, as well as the natural meaning of the language, not to suppose that "their own works," for which men are here said hereafter to give account, are those done in the body.

The Westminster Confession of Faith, adopted in 1647, the Savoy Declaration in 1658, and that of the Synod of Bos-

ton in 1680—both here repeating the Westminster Confession—are still more explicit. They are as follows: "The bodies of men after death return to dust and see corruption, but their souls (which neither die nor sleep), having an immortal subsistence, immediately return to God who gave them. The souls of the righteous, being then made perfect in holiness, are received into the highest heavens, where they behold the face of God in light and glory, waiting for the full redemption of their bodies, and the souls of the wicked are cast into hell, where they remain in torments and utter darkness, reserved to the judgment of the great day. Besides these two places for souls separated from their bodies, the Scripture acknowledgeth none." (Chap. XXXII: 1.) "God hath appointed a day wherein he will judge the world in righteousness by Jesus Christ, to whom all power and judgment is given of the Father, in which day not only the apostate angels shall be judged, but likewise all persons that have lived upon earth shall appear before the tribunal of Christ to give an account of their thoughts, words and deeds, and to receive according to what they have done in the body, whether good or evil." (Chap. XXXIII: 1.)

Here the belief is clearly brought out, that the judgment turns on the deeds "done in the body," and that there is no intermediate place or class. The Boston National Council, in 1865, and the National Council at Oberlin, in 1871, put themselves in the same doctrinal line, substantially, as was occupied by the previous General Councils; and no one supposes that, on the point that the judgment turns on the deeds done in the body, they were not in perfect accord with the Savoy and Boston declaration. This was the great human fountain of doctrinal belief in the Congregational churches, after its adoption, for a long time, the individual churches abbreviating and modifying the form, but adhering closely to the substance. A large number of Congregational confessions of faith I have seen which state explicitly that the judgment is to be according to the deeds done in the body. The evidence from the historical creeds is overwhelming that the belief of the evangelical churches, all along the centuries, since the Athanasian creed, is that the judgment turns on this life; and no one can doubt for a moment that this has been the unquestioned belief of the Congregational churches up to a very short time. This must be conceded by all.

What, then, if our Congregational creeds, and the historical creeds, do not expressly deny future probation? It shows that the idea of future probation, so far from being tolerated when they were formed, did not even exist in forms and proportions to need to be denied. For the New Departure to try to shelter itself behind such silence shows the desperate straits to which it is put. The denial of probation after death "not in the creeds"! No; but that is in them which, logically, absolutely excludes it. "Not in the creeds"! No; but that is in them which shows it was not even in the air at the time. "Not in the creeds"! No; but the stronger testimony is in them—silence; for a formal denial would show that the doctrine existed somewhere in such force as to make it a menace, while silence does not give it that dignity.

The silence of the historical creeds when interrogated robs the New Departure of their refuge in the creeds in the same manner as the silence of Scripture on the same point robs them of it. It is often said by other New Departure men, as it was said by Professor Smythe, that there is nothing in the Bible that expressly asserts there will be no probation hereafter; and this silence is quoted as justification for holding the hypothesis. But the whole moral color and movement of Scripture—the infinite urgency and emphasis with which it presses home the motives of salvation in this life, as the period decisive of destiny, with no hint of an opportunity hereafter—not only logically excludes the possibility of future probation, but shows that the sacred writers had not even dreamed of such a thing. "The denial of future probation putting into the gospel what the gospel itself does not contain"! Yes; what it does not contain in so many words, but what it does contain in its whole spirit and genius, from Genesis to Revelation, absolutely ruling out the speculation.

Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland.

Mr. J. A. Bostwick, the generous Baptist merchant of New York city whose gift of \$70,000 to the Wake Forest College, N. C., recently reported, has now given \$25,000 to Richmond College, Va.

The thermometer, at the lowest, has registered six degrees above zero at Victoria, B. C.; not very low in Eastern comparison.

"THE CRISIS OF MISSIONS."

BY REV. DR. S. H. WILLEY.

The "Crisis of Missions" is the title of a new book written by Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson of Philadelphia, and published by Robert Carter & Brothers, 530 Broadway, New York; 370 pages, 7 x 5 inches; price by mail, \$1.25, but to clergymen, \$1.06.

I am sure that any one who sends a postoffice order, as above, and gets this book, will find himself amply rewarded. It has been said that this book is to the cause of foreign missions what Rev. Dr. Strong's book entitled "Our Country" is to home missions. The remark is quite true.

By "crisis," Dr. Pierson says he means "a combination of grand opportunity and great responsibility"; and he proceeds to say: "Never, since Christ committed a world's evangelization to his servants, have such open doors of opportunity, such providential removal of barriers and subsidence of obstacles, such general preparation for the universal and immediate dissemination of the gospel, and such triumphs in the work of missions, supplied such inspiration to angelic zeal and seraphic devotion; but it may well be doubted whether there has ever been greater risk of losing the opportunity."

The book contains thirty-six chapters. They are all short, and are packed with facts, information and appeals. There is nothing heavy about the book. Things familiar are so grouped and connected with things not familiar that the impression is fresh and invigorating. The missionary situation the world over is briefly sketched. The great facts thus brought together produce surprise, even in the mind of a reader ordinarily familiar with current missionary intelligence. This swift and lively panoramic review occupies sixteen chapters. Chapter nineteen discusses woman's work for women. Chapter twenty-seven is entitled "The Aspect and the Prospect," and states the case thus:

"1. Paganism is, manifestly, in a state of decadence.

"2. Mohammedanism has thus far proven the most stubborn foe of the gospel, and, as yet, its territory remains almost intact.

"3. Papacy shows an entire change of attitude toward the gospel. It no longer wields its ancient power of hindrance in its way.

"4. The Jews are now attracting the eyes of the nations."

Of course, these propositions are elaborated and discussed, and proven by reference to facts. Reference is made in chapter twenty-eight to active opposing forces: "In Calcutta, 'Paine's Age of Reason' is made plain upon the tablets, instead of the gospel. In university cities like Bombay, natives eagerly read, and glibly quote; Hegel, Strauss, Renan and Ingersoll like the blatant skeptics of young America. Japan warns us of the risk of procrastination in missions. Such another day will never again come for that land, and the door cannot long stand open. It is now or never. And yet, while every motive urges and impels us forward, we are, in some respects, going backward. 'Retrenchment'! That has been the motto of our mission boards for ten years."

Chapter thirty treats of "a third element in this crisis demanding a special notice, because it may, in part, account for the shameful apathy and lethargy that will allow a thousand millions of human beings to live and die without the gospel—the practical doubt, if not denial, of their lost condition. This subtle leaven is pervading the lump. There is a current, though unexpressed, belief that a universal and saving element runs through all religious systems. God is not so unjust, it is said, as to allow the heathen, who never heard of Christ, to perish because they were not converted. There is a widespread hope of a probation after death, of a restoration of the wicked after a purgatorial punishment, or of a final restitution of all things, when even Moab and Edom, Tyre and Phelista are to take their place among the nations, and have an opportunity to embrace Immanuel as Saviour and King. This is the devil's masterpiece of strategy to keep the hosts of God within the walls of luxurious indolence, when they should march and move outward against the citadels of superstition and idolatry. We must either give up the inspiration of the Word, or accept the lost condition of the world."

I began to write some notice of this book in the hope of inducing many to send for it, and enjoy the reading for themselves. And, it seemed to me, that quotations from the book itself would awaken a desire for the whole more surely than anything I could say in review of it; and, if it could be in every pastor's hands on this Coast, and in the hands of the friends of missions generally, I am sure it would set us far onward in our zeal and efficiency in our missionary work. The cost of the book is but

little, and the trouble of enclosing the price to the publishers is not much. To me it has been an inspiration. It has given me an enlarged and connected view of the world-wide mission work as it is now going on, and of the unspeakable privilege of being permitted to have any part in it; and I am sure it will do the same for all who obtain and carefully read it.

COMING PHASES OF THE CONFLICT.

Error dies hard. Its advocates before the American Board gave out that, if defeated at Des Moines, they should still keep up the strife. It was hardly necessary to say so. The nature of the error, the way in which it falls in with non-Christian feeling, and the spirit of its special dogmatic advocates, make their persistency sure. The conflict is still "on." Upon its first appearance among us a few years ago, nearly all lay Christians, as well as most of the religious press, ignored the future-probation scheme as a vagary soon to pass away. But, as it was not born of Scripture or sound reason, neither of these, nor both united, can dispel it. It reasserts itself when refuted, and the indications already were that it was propagated by a headstrong, uneasy purpose to push it and compel its acceptance. It had in it the disagreeable spirit of "dogma," and was somewhat fitly called by this name when it came to be seriously advocated. More and more aggressive in tone and inadmissible in its assumptions, at last it has taken on an intrusive, disturbing, to many it seems a truculent, character, which makes its decided rejection a clear duty. It will give our churches and pastors no peace, and under the guise of sweetness and light is bringing in the bitterest spirit of controversy. Laymen who desired to know and hear nothing of it are compelled to inform themselves of the groundlessness of its claims and the mischievousness of its nature. It will no longer do to smile at it as an empty and absurd hypothesis, as might be done if it were not paralyzing religious energy, lowering spiritual tone, and making convictions of duty placid and strengthless. None know better than some of our younger brethren, who are healthfully astir in evangelistic effort, what blight and mildew there is in it. Christian work is hindered. Church efficiency is thwarted. The disastrous conflict our missionaries predict that it would introduce abroad, it is inaugurating wherever its malign influence goes at home. Our churches cannot afford to drift so into strife and inefficiency. Influential laymen are fast coming to see this, as well as peace-loving pastors. The time for weakness and silent tolerance of invasion and harm is passed. Theology might stand this withering "wind of doctrine," but there are living spiritual interests that cannot. The attempt to keep friends of truth and of conversions to Christ still, while the poison is diffused, under penalty of being accused of lack of Christian spirit if any resistance is offered, has come to the point of necessary arrest. All things precious are in the same boat with the integrity and soundness of the A. B. C. F. M.

PLAIN TRUTH.

NOTICE TO THE CHURCHES.

The Committee on Publication, appointed by the last General Association, calls the attention of the churches to the fact that the Association recommended that each church be assessed at the rate of ten cent per resident member in order to meet the expense of publishing the minutes of the Association and the Congregational Hand-book. The Committee urges that prompt attention be given to this matter. Rev. M. Marty of Petaluma, is appointed to act as treasurer of this fund. The following churches have already paid their assessment for this year: Pescadero, \$1.70; Lockeford, \$1.60; First church, Oakland, \$90; First church, San Francisco, \$56.90; Bethany church, San Francisco, \$15; Bethany church, San Joaquin county, \$3.10; Saratoga, \$5.50.

Goethe argued against Schiller that the fall of man would be a break in the continuity of his development, and so a disaster. He revolted against everything Christian, and justly called himself "an old heathen." What the Bible said on the subject, as matter of history, had little weight with him or none. If he had heard of Mr. Beecher's new discovery, that Adam's partaking of the forbidden fruit was a moral development upwards, would he have been quite certain that he knew how words and ideas differ, or that it is at all true that heathenism is not Christianity, after all?

The Florida papers say that the excursions gotten up by Western railroads to Southern California have made it about as cheap to go to California as to Florida. The consequence is plenty of front rooms in the winter resort hotels.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

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All contributions for the Young Ladies' Branch of the Woman's Board should be sent to Miss Grace Goodhue, Treasurer Y. L. B. W. B., 1720 Geary street, S. F.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

These islands are not, and have not been for years, a foreign missionary field, and we seldom hear them spoken of in this connection, except in terms of reproach, a fact which has been a pain to the writer ever since, coming to California. Our proximity to these islands, our intimate commercial relations with them, the disastrous effect of a wrong conception of the work there upon mission work generally, make a sufficient ground of justification for bringing the subject into this Column. Even Christian people, in visiting the islands now, often say: "I cannot see what those missionaries did." And it must be confessed that the idle, tawdry, bare-footed men and women of the native race, who swarm about the wharf of Honolulu, and promenade her streets, make a very unpleasant impression. But it must be remembered that this represents merely what has not been done, and gives no clue whatever to what has been done. We do not hold our own faithful pastors accountable for the fact that everybody here is not converted, and it can be readily seen that it is the sheerest injustice to so judge these missionaries. But it is right that we should inquire and seek to inform ourselves as to what has been done. For this we must go back into history; and to make the subject stand out in a clear, strong light we will consider chiefly two periods, though the history of these islands naturally divides itself into three marked eras; namely, the era of heathenism, the missionary era, and the business era.

These islands were discovered by Captain Cook in the year 1778. The first company of missionaries landed there in the spring of 1820, so that it was really forty-two years from the time of discovery till they became the theater of missionary operations; but, for convenience sake, we will speak of it as a period of forty years, and we wish to contrast this forty years with the first forty years of missionary history. Very soon after their discovery, these islands became a resort for the multitude of whaling vessels that were at that time employed upon the great Pacific ocean, and also for trading vessels bound for China, which last gathered up great quantities of sandal-wood and left in exchange Chinese silks and gaudy trappings. Thus it came to pass that for forty years these islands were in frequent communication with the commercial world, and thereby, to a certain extent, with the civilized and Christian world; and what did it do for them? Absolutely nothing, except to deepen their degradation. That great company of traders, and among them men of large opportunity, some of them from Christian families, when they visited these islands, instead of lifting up and ennobling that poor fallen humanity, simply let themselves down to the level of heathenism, so that the vices introduced by our own Christian civilization became the greatest obstacle to the conversion of the people. But the missionary went there with the Bible in his hand and the love of God in his heart; and what did the next forty years do for these islands? The history is simply marvelous. It has no parallel in modern history or in the history of missions. Of course, the first thing to be done was to acquire the language and reduce it to writing. They had been fitted out with a printing-press and printer, but it was a year and eight months before the first primer could be put into circulation. Meantime, however, schools were immediately started for the study of the English language, and among the very first pupils was the little Kauikeouli, afterward the renowned Kamehameha III (pronounced Kam-ah-mah-ah). This little boy, then scarcely five years, was compelled by his royal brother, Liholiho (pronounced Le-ho-lé-o) to attend school. He became fond of study, and developed rapidly; was fond of his teachers and showed for a time a strong leaning toward personal religion, but was never admitted to the church. In his early manhood he was drawn by the strong current of evil around him into a somewhat dissipated life; but, upon assuming the royal prerogative, he brought himself under marked restraint, did all he could outwardly to help the missionaries and

encourage his people to a better life, and his personal interest was often so great that it is hoped he was really converted. But, if there was doubt in his case, there was none whatever in regard to a great multitude, and among the very first converts were two of the queens—the queen mother as she was called, and the queen regent, Kaah-mah-nu. With the conversion of the latter and that of her prime minister, the great work was fairly inaugurated; for they were not only high in position, but possessed marked ability, and churches and schools were rapidly multiplied. About the year 1836 Kamehameha III came to the throne, and very soon expressed a desire for a constitutional government. Born to unlimited power, he voluntarily tendered to his people a share in the government of the nation, and to this end requested the missionaries to assist him. One of their number, Mr. Richards, was selected for the work, and after due consultation with the American Board, his connection with that body was severed, and he entered the service of the nation in this new capacity. An able corps of young natives had by this time been educated, who ably assisted in the work; and, in due time, the constitution was perfected and adopted, after which a delegation of their choicest man, the king's secretary, and Mr. Richards visited the United States, England and France to secure their recognition by those powers as a civilized, duly organized nation. It was during this same period, from 1837 to 1840, that those great revivals occurred that brought so many thousands into the churches. A sad reaction indeed followed; but many that temporarily fell were afterward restored, and a majority lived to testify by their changed lives to the genuineness of their conversion. As late as 1854 one of the missionaries writes, "Nothing but the Holy Spirit could have wrought in them what we now see." And about the year 1860, forty years from the time the missionaries first landed, we find this testimony: "Our Government, in its legislative, executive and judiciary departments, has acquired organic form, and moves on in the discharge of its functions; our schools are sustained, our islands are being dotted over with improved churches, law is supreme, order prevails, and it may be doubted whether the sun shines on a more peaceful people." And this is the record of the second period of this history—the forty years of missionary labor. Abating all that the sad truth compels us to of failure and shortcoming, we challenge the world to find a brighter record of good accomplished, or any power, save that of Christian missions, equal to such results. The later history of these islands, and their present unhappy condition, must be traced chiefly to a weak and dissolute king under the power of corrupt advisers, and the natural weakening of moral forces in a period of material prosperity; and not at all to unfaithfulness on the part of that noble band of consecrated men and women, who freely gave their lives to the work of saving one of the most degraded peoples the sun ever shone upon. Very few people have any conception of what it costs men and women of fine sensibilities, of pure and noble lives, to dwell in the midst of such revolting sensuality as was found here, and as falls to the lot of many of the missionaries.

This is a very interesting chapter of this history that comes in with the business era, and the part the children of the missionaries have taken in it, showing just how they and the new era were linked into the old; but we have space for a hint only. It is not known to many that when the all-important question of what to do was being agitated by these island boys, some of them bought land—the very land to which the work of their fathers had given value—and with their own hands they cultivated the potatoes that found a market in California when the gold-diggers were dying of scurvy. Subsequent opportunities were just as diligently and wisely improved, and so a great door has been opened to them. The plans and purposes of Providence respecting this little island kingdom are not yet fully revealed; but we suspect that the future will reveal the fact that there is still a work for these children of the missionaries to do in securing the highest welfare of the native race, as well as the prosperity of the country, and that Providence made no mistake when he endowed some of these men with exceptional business ability; for we know them to be honorable and generous, as well as successful. And so we say with all our heart, God bless them, and let not man defame them!

M. L. MERRITT.

Hon. A. D. White, formerly President of Cornell University and lately United States Minister to Germany, has given to that University his valued historical library—of 30,000 volumes, 10,000 pamphlets, and many manuscripts—which cost over \$100,000.

A TOUR IN CHINA—XVI.

BY REV. C. R. HAGER.

At the early dawn of April 3d our caravan moves again onward, and the entire distance from Shik Ling to Tsing Ping (from the Stone Mountain to the Pure Peace) is a sandy rolling plain, with less of tillable ground than any part of Chinese territory we have visited; the plain stretches out before us as a beautiful panorama, which is only limited by the mountains in the distance. It is seldom that one can obtain such an extended view, with no mountains to limit the horizon of one's vision, for mountains abound in China, and the traveler need seldom ever be without the sight of mountain peaks as he passes over this part of China.

GREAT SCARCITY OF WOOD.

As a general thing, these mountains are only covered with grass and small shrubbery, and it is only occasionally that they are covered with pines, fir, or other trees. In many instances, especially on the lower hills, a large growth of trees might be seen if they were not continually cut down. At present, with few exceptions, around villages or at wayside inns, there are few trees to be seen that are as thick as a man's body. Most of the trees are mere saplings, which are short of their limbs or cut down once in two or three years. The scarcity of wood prevents the Chinese from having large groves of forest trees. Wood is, indeed, to be had, but it comes from the less inhabited regions among the mountains. The common people, as well as nearly all the inn-keepers, use mountain grass, which is cut and brought to the market, and sold as any other article of sale. The gathering of this grass and carrying it home is, in great part, woman's work, except in cases where an attempt has been made to improve on God's image by crippling women's feet by that outrageous custom of foot binding. Especially in the autumn they may be seen, at early morn with their carrying pole and grass-knife in the form of a sickle, in companies of ten and twenty, ascend the mountain side, and there cut two large bundles of grass, ferns and bushes. After it has been cut, they carry it home on their poles and then use it as wood.

PRIMITIVE FIREPLACES.

The Chinese housekeepers have no stoves, as we, but they use furnaces and clay-burnt fire ovens. The large furnaces are generally constructed with only one aperture, where victuals may be cooked or warmed. The smaller cooking-stoves, or ovens, are so made that, at the bottom, little pieces of wood may be ignited, which heat or cook whatever is placed above the fire in a pan or pot. These ovens are of all sizes; but, usually, they are only about six inches in height, and the same in diameter. The upper part, where the pans and pots are placed, has a little the appearance of a crown, but which may be termed its three feet, removed from the fire below some two or three inches. For each dish that you wish cooked there must be a separate fire; but this is no inconvenience, as the Chinese usually only have two or three dishes, and one fire answers for every purpose. Their little cabbage and meat may be boiled together, after which the rice may be cooked. To do this requires not much time, as the Chinese do not cook their food sufficiently. Notwithstanding they teach them to cook your food so that it is palatable, when they come back to China they usually only cook their food according to their native style, which, for cabbage, means raw; rice, two-thirds done, and the rest accordingly. As to meat, they are a little more particular, and boil or fry it longer than we do our beefsteak. Indeed, there is an opinion among the Chinese that we are blood-eaters; because, sometimes, forsooth, our beefsteak is still a little red. This they do not do; but, then, they buy and sell blood, and eat the real article itself; but they regard this a great deal better than to eat rare beefsteak.

CHINESE BEGGARS.

Wherever one goes there is the Chinese beggar to be seen. His clothes are a mat of filthy rags. Sometimes it is an old woman, and sometimes an old man. Lepers, whose toes are nearly eaten off, with bloated face and miserable countenances, usually obtain their living in this way. In Hongkong even strong and healthy children beg. The Pareses have a certain day in the month when they give charity to the poor, and on these occasions the beggars flock together to receive their few cash from them. On the Sabbaths there are beggars in front of every church, and the worshiper, on leaving the church, is accosted to give alms. It is sometimes a great annoyance to be followed by the boy-beggars. Still, this is not the Chinese way of begging, and those living in Hongkong, who adopt this method of begging have learned the habit from foreigners. When the Chinese who are very old beg, they sit at the side of some prominent place in the road, with their little bamboo plate before them, into which the alms-giver is expected to drop his cash. Occasionally, I have seen some miserable leper, with tattered garments, lying at the roadside in the hot, boiling sun, with face upturned and eyes closed, pleading for a pittance from the passer-by. It is a sad spectacle, and calculated to move one to pity if he does not know that this plan is purposely employed in order to excite pity, and that the discomfort of lying in the sun in this way is comparatively very little, when we remember

that the Chinese go without hats in the summer season, and are almost insensible to common heat. Now and then you see a beggar with unkempt hair, and worse than tattered garments, making his way to some market town, where these beggars always abound in numbers. He looks more like a wild man than a human being, and you cannot help but feel that washing and combing his hair would improve him very much. Sometimes they beg for food; at others for money. Some of them proceed from shop to shop, singing their little ditty, and usually do not leave a place until they obtain something. It is needless to say that they are almost a pest to the shopkeepers, who dislike them, but cannot get rid of them. Besides, according to Chinese idea, he who relieves a beggar lays up virtue for himself, and it will not go so bad with him in the next world.

CORMORANTS TRAINED TO FISH.

We are obliged to cross a stream in our journey, and there, for the first time, see the famous cormorants, which are employed in catching fish. The fisherman stands on a simply constructed bamboo raft, which is about sixteen to twenty feet in length, and about four feet wide. With his long pole he propels his little raft wherever he wishes to go. He has three or four of these birds, which are tied by a long string to the raft. The cormorant looks somewhat like a duck in size, only with longer legs, neck and bill. The string by which their legs are fastened to the raft is perhaps from six to ten feet long, but this depends somewhat on the depth of the river where they are fishing. The fisherman does not feed the birds very much, so that they are hungry and willing to dive for fish. When they first commence to fish, they descend into the water like a flash, and, if they find a fish and secure it in their bill, up they come, when the fisherman stretches out his pole towards the bird, which immediately jumps upon it, and thus enables him to take the bird on board and take the fish from its mouth. Sometimes, however, the fish are small, and in this case they are instantly swallowed by the birds. If the birds have already satisfied their hunger, they can with difficulty be urged to dive for fish. At such times they swim along at the side of the raft or lazily sit upon the boat. The fisherman urges them to get off the raft by a peculiar sound which they no doubt understand, and when not too full already with fish, generally obey. But this is only one of the ways in which men catch fish. Various nets are employed for this purpose, and very often a man is seen at the edge of a stream or a pool, holding in his hand a net fastened to a pole of some eight or ten feet. This he lowers into the water, and whenever he thinks there may be a fish within the net, he raises it, but is more often disappointed than he realizes his hopes. Fishing by means of hook and line I have not seen much of; but by draining ponds, and by means of nets, etc.—these are everywhere observed.

Upon our journey we pass a small market town; but the people, evidently, are very suspicious of me, for they do not care to buy the books I offer them. They are afraid that, perhaps, I may deceive them, and so they treat me quite coldly; but my helpers fare better, though the people, evidently, are quite poor, and have not very many cash to expend in this way; others, again, cannot read, and plead that for an excuse. But we pass on to Tsing Ping, and close the day and week in selling quite a number of books to the shopkeepers and people. It is not market day, but quite a number buy, especially the pawn-shop people.

THE CHINESE SHYLOCK.

Pawn-brokers in China are usually quite wealthy, but they ought to be, for they charge twenty-four per cent. annual interest on all moneys loaned, and the security they receive is ample to repay any losses. Persons wishing money pawn their clothes, jewelry, or other articles of value, but only for two-fifths their actual value; and in case the article is not redeemed in three years it becomes the property of the pawn-broker, to be disposed of by him according to his pleasure. Thus, on an article worth five dollars, a person can only obtain two dollars, and in three years must pay two dollars and seventy-two cents to redeem the articles, and if he cannot do it within that time he loses three dollars. This shows clearly that the rich men of China use their gains to make themselves more independent and wealthy; while the poorer classes are the real sufferers. As we were passing along on our journey, we noticed one of these large buildings enclosed by a high and strong wall, and ascertained that this building was, at times, used as a place of refuge to those of the surrounding villages who were attacked by robbers. At the hearing of this we were reminded of the ancient cities of refuge which the Israelites had. It is a matter to be thankful for that the Chinese, at times, do exhibit some of the human feeling of civilized nations.

It can hardly be said of one that he has succeeded if he have just been carried along in life by influences that he was not required either to promote or control. When one seeks opportunities, makes them, fights his way, gains victories, repairs the losses of defeats, and still rises in place and character, he is greatly successful. He is entitled to a crown.

—United Presbyterian.

Wicked men obey for fear, but the good for love.—Aristotle.

[For THE PACIFIC.]

WIFE OF MINE.

PARODY ON "BABY MINE."

I am weary—bring a chair—
And as hungry as a bear;
Promptly bring my sirloins rare;
Sleep the tea with utmost care,
While I'm resting—nor despair,
Wife of mine.

Pass the butter and the bread;
Read the news, dear; or, instead,
"Candle Lectures," while I'm fed;
Will forgive them, since we're wed;
Then I'll hurry off to bed,
Wife of mine.

Cool the pudding, pass the pie;
You're a "daisy" when you try.
Yes, provisions they are high,
But your bill I won't deny,
Nor your bigger will deny,
Wife of mine.

Draw the arm-chair very near;
Royal dinner you made, dear;
And your greatest wish, with cheer,
I would grant it, never fear,
Wife of mine.

For your loving hand I pine
In this after-dinner time;
For it spread a banquet fine,
Ending with forbidden wine.
And this poem?—I'll resign,
Wife of mine.

S. C. B.

WOMEN AND TEMPERANCE IN ALASKA.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

To the Members of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union: I am glad to learn that your philanthropic efforts are to be pushed into distant Alaska. Even though it be a far-off country, it is still a home mission, and all your labor is strictly home missionary work. From the personal knowledge I possess of Southeastern Alaska, I can say with true satisfaction that, on account of its physical formation, the field is not a difficult one to comprehend or provide for. Its needs and its neglects are obvious at sight. It is the easiest place in the world to reform and hold subject to sumptuary obligations. With charming scenery, a moderate climate, where the thermometer never sinks to zero and seldom rises to eighty degrees, a vegetation almost tropical in its rankness, with a profusion of wild berries, a superabundance of fish and game, and a plenitude of timber and mineral-bearing deposits, what missionary field can be more attractive and more promising for philanthropic endeavor, especially in the great cause of temperance and the elevation of women?

With regard to the interior of Alaska the conditions are not unfavorable either, though the country is difficult of access, and the winter climate rigorous. It is not, in all respects, the *terra incognita* which writers of romance would have us believe. Hundreds of miners are at work there upon the Upper Yukon and its great tributaries, while no less than forty trading-posts and settlements line the lower river for a thousand miles from its delta. According to the published report of the reverend bishop of the Greco-Russian Church in Alaska for the year 1869, there were then no less than 12,140 Christians among the people (natives), living northwest of Sitka on the Aleutian peninsula and archipelago. They had schools and churches, and many among them were well educated, even in classics. One of the best physicians of the Russian Fur Company was an Aleut; one of the best navigators, and their best traders and accountants, were Aleuts.

Sitka is not the land's end, or the limit of civilization, as some tourists seem to imagine. Central Alaska has been traversed from pillar to post by traders and trappers for more than a century. I have before me a photograph of Mrs. McFarland's mission school at Wrangell, with her fifty-four pupils, young folks and adults, taken ten years ago, which is not at all barbaric, but altogether suggestive of well-being, comfort and good order. Things are better now. I could tell you of the missions, industrial and public schools, which have since been established, especially within the past three years; of pupils in neat gray uniforms; of commodious and well-appointed buildings; yea, of native-born teachers, self-taught and instructed to fill important official places. For all this let us give thanks and rejoice. Yet I shall speak quite to the purpose if I point out the obstacles to advancement and permanent good which at present exist.

THE CHIEF OF THESE IS WHISKY.

The degradation of the Alaskan women, and the diseases which are rampant everywhere, are notorious and deplorable facts. Indian (native) girls of tender years are bought by white men for concubinage and prostitution, and the cultivation and improvement which they receive at the schools only serves too often to enhance their commercial value! Outrages upon women are often committed openly, and the culprits are never brought to justice. Dance-houses are in full blast all night at Juneau and Wrangell, from which all native males are excluded after nine o'clock, but the females are retained. The introduction of whisky by the whites is the primary cause of this corruption. Soldiers taught the natives to distill for themselves from molasses the vile intoxicant known as "hooch," until nearly every household had a primitive contrivance for making it. It is the miners and soldiers who have persistently debauched the women, never noted for excess of virtue. Missionary John Brady declares that the natives knew nothing of bodily diseases, nor of intoxicants, before the soldiers came, and Special United States Treasury Agent Morris confirms his statement.

As far back as 1869—more than seventeen years ago—Surgeon Bailey, of the United States Army, declared officially in a note of warning: "I am satisfied that little or nothing can be done until the Indians are placed under better influences. The principal teaching they are at present receiving is that debauchery and drunkenness are indications of advanced and superior civilization." And he pleads: "Send us honest, faithful Christian workers; not place-seekers, but those who want to do good work for Christ's sake and kingdom. Send men and women for both are wanted."

At length the good women of the W. C. T. U. are ready to respond to the appeal, and attack the very root of misery. The poor natives are suffering the terrible penalties for those evils into which they were betrayed by the serpent who intruded into their primitive paradise, to say nothing of the barbaric inheritance which they received from their ancestors in the twin practices of witchcraft and slavery, both now in vogue, with their attendant and nameless cruelties, which can only be repressed by legalized force. Though slaves to intoxicants, as very many of the natives are, they realize their degradation and their helplessness, and are anxious to extirpate the infiction and the original cause of it. For years they have protested in vain against its sale and manufacture. They are earnest prohibitionists on principle. They are ready to co-operate with any instrument or authority which can break it up. In every effort of repression or crusade against rum they will eagerly assist. In 1878, the Indians of Wrangell tied a liquor-seller to a post for upwards of an hour. This mode of punishment might be made exemplary.

In Sitka, where good order is preserved at present, the Indian police are very efficient. Since 1882 they have broken up the manufacture of hooch in the entire. Their authority is confined exclusively to the ranch, as the Indian suburb is called, where they are greatly respected in their dual capacity of hereditary chiefs and municipal henchmen. These Indian policemen are earnestly recommended by Governor Swineford for appointment over all the native villages. By the respect for authority which imbues their people, they will not only promote cleanliness, sobriety and good order among them, but through these they will insure the work of missionaries and teachers for permanent good.

Who wants whisky in Alaska? Not the natives, evidently. It is the bad white men who oppose reform. The whisky traffic is prohibited in the Territory, but the law is inoperative from the fact that it is almost universally distasteful. The profits are so great that even United States officials have connived at it. Few persons care to make complaints against known violations, or to testify in the courts, if they can avoid doing so. The law is on the side of those who will do right, but it will always be a dead letter until the mass of the inhabitants can be persuaded that it is their interest and their duty to secure its enforcement. They must learn to complain of violations, and acquire nerve to testify against the law-breakers, whoever they are.

When the Russians transferred their wards, the natives, to the United States, they stipulated in article 3d of the Treaty of Cession that they should have all the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States; so that these people stand in a different relation to the Government from a majority of the red aborigines. One of these stipulated rights is protection; and the best sumptuary protection is from sin and the opportunity to sin. Take away the grog, and the men and women will grow without taint. Although temporarily under stress, they can be redeemed. Careful Christian training of the children among them, and a conservation of the unblemished adults from contamination, will restore their pristine vigor and manliness. Refine the sentiment of the community, by patient inculcation of good principles, engraft them with godliness, and then it may not be difficult to procure their *viva voce* acquiescence in the banishment of rum. Organize the Territory; make citizens and voters of its disqualified inhabitants, as they demand to be made under the terms of the Treaty of Cession, and the natives will soon declare for themselves that the bad whisky and the hooch must go. The liquor-dealers are few in number. They are well known by name and occupation. Shall the few be permitted to jeopardize the bodily and spiritual welfare of all the rest, and ruin the country by their mercenary traffic? I leave the matter in the hands of your philanthropic body, convinced that whatever the women undertake they will carry out. If the moral redemption of Alaska is ever secured, it will be mainly through their instrumentality, by the inoculation of virtue.

With regard to the social aspect of the native women and Creoles (half-breeds) of the coast, I have dwelt at considerable length thereon in my recent work, entitled "Our New Alaska," published in New York by the Forest and Stream Company. Their appearance is anything but savage, while in respect to natural intelligence, ingenuity, and an aptitude for new acquisitions, they are something quite above the human average. Their school certificates prove this. The examples of proficiency among the pupils are really remarkable, instances being common where youth and adults have been able to write grammatical English, in letters and composition, within a year from the time of their entering the kindergarten as untutored heathen. They are most deft in all manner of handiwork—braiding, embroidering, carving in wood, ivory,

bone and stone, engraving on metals, painting, and making exquisite fabrics of feathers and fur, weaving, etc., etc.; and in such estimation are their domestic wares held by collectors and merchants that shrewd speculators have placed them on sale at the bazars of San Francisco, New York, Washington, and other cosmopolitan centers, where they realize six times the prices obtained in Alaska. The women have comely features, though inclined to adipose fullness. They are modest in their demeanor and attire, even when they are most depraved. In the large towns their dress is modern, and sometimes almost up to the mode, being made of woolen and cotton stuffs, supplemented, in a few instances, by store bonnets. A very few cling to their old-time lip-ornaments (pins and labrettes), and the use of paint is not uncommon. Nevertheless, they emerged from their primitive habits two generations ago; that is, they adopted European costumes and modes of living; and at present they are as well informed of the intrinsic worth of trinkets and tinsel as the traders themselves. In all the principal settlements at Sitka, Wrangell, Juneau, Oonashka, and the half-dozen other large settlements on the coast to the northward, may be found assortments of goods equal to those of the average country store in New England. These embrace even the latest patterns in garments, bonnets and finery, and there is as much of a flutter over a new invoice there as there would be over a millinery opening at the East. In many families modern utensils and furniture are found.

At church services, lyceum meetings and social festivities these Alaskan women are always interested attendants, even when they are precluded as participants; and I am convinced that all they need is the Christian influence, encouragement and judicious instruction to make them good and useful members of an upright community.

I wish the ladies of the W. C. T. U. good-speed in their Alaskan missionary venture.—Union Signal.

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Children's Corner.

WHEN GRANDPA WAS A LITTLE BOY

"When grandpa was a little boy, about your age," said he
To the curly-headed youngster who had
climbed upon his knee,
"So studious was he at school he never
failed to pass;
And out of three he always stood the second
in his class."
"But, if no more were in it, you were next
to foot, like me!"
"Why, bless you! grandpa never thought of
that before," said he.

"When grandpa was a little boy about your
age," said he,
"He very seldom spent his pretty pennies
foolishly;
No toy or candy store was there for miles
and miles about;
And with his books straight home he'd go
the moment school was out."
"But, if there had been one, you might
have spent them all, like me!"
"Why, bless you, grandpa never thought of
that before," said he.

"When grandpa was a little boy about your
age," said he,
"He never stayed up later than an hour after
tea;
It wasn't good for little boys at all, his
mother said;
And so, when it was early, she would
march him off to bed."
"But, if she hadn't, maybe you'd have
stayed up late like me!"
"Why, bless you, grandpa never thought of
that before," said he.

"When grandpa was a little boy about your
age," said he;
"In summer he sat barefoot, and was happy
as a bird;
And all the neighbors round about agreed
he was a lad
Who was as good as he could be, except
when he was bad."
"But, 'ceptin' going barefoot, you were very
much like me."
"Why, bless you, grandpa's often thought
of that before," said he.

AUNT RUTH'S "RESSIPEE."

BY ANNA F. BURNHAM.

She was the fussiest old woman that
ever set her fellow-travelers into fidgets;
and she wanted the window down when
Lotty wanted it up, and she was afraid
she had got "on the wrong cars,"
and "hoped to land" the ticket agent
had given her the right change, with
more other frets and worries than so little
an old lady ought to have had at her age.

Lotty was leaning out of the car win-
dow for a long, last, fond look at her
father's black hat (which was all of him
that the crowd left visible), and waving a
damp, white handkerchief which smoke
and cinders had given a deep mourning
border.

A curve in the road suddenly blotted
out the hat also, and Lotty, with tears
that she dared not wipe away with that
dispirited bit of cambric, set herself to
make the best of what remained in life
to her now.

"Going fur?" asked the old lady, for
the sake of being sociable.
"No, ma'am," snapped Lotty, who
didn't want to talk.

"Where to?" pursued the old lady,
who did.

"O to—Jericho!" cried Lotty, desper-
ately. "Anyway, I wish 'twas. They've
sent me off to school, and I don't want
to go one single bit, so there!"

"Be you," said the old lady, sympa-
thetically, hitching nearer. "I always
feel to have a real kind of int'rest in lit-
tle young gals like you a-goin' off to
boardin'-school. I've got a niece of
mine that I'm carrying through South
Hadley. I ain't got a gre' deal o' money,
but when she got to hankering after
books like they all do now, an' her father
couldn't send her, I took and give her
what little I had—leastways, the int'rest
of it—and told her to pick out the best
school she could think of and get her
money's worth. And she does write me
the chirknest letters—I have a reg'lar
set-to every Saturday night a'cryin' over
em, for she writes reg'lar, and the merrier
she makes 'em, the more I cry about it."

"Why, it's real nice, isn't it, said Lotty,
sympathetically.

The dear old soul was crying now, or
near it; but her face had as many smiles
as wrinkles, and that is saying a good
deal.

"Yes, 'tis nice," returned the old lady,
emphatically, wiping her eyes. "I tell
ye folks is dretful foolish in this world.
They're all going around, every one on
'em, to build up their own happiness,
and that's all right enough, but they don't
know how to get their money's worth.
It's a real roundabout road to happiness,
and I wonder they don't find it out.
You've got to go at it kind of indirect—
make somebody else happy if you want
to be happy yourself. But there," she
added, with a sigh, "it took me long
enough to find it out. 'The longest way
round is the shortest way home,' the
proverb says, and I'd heard it since I
was knee-high to a grasshopper, but I
was old and gray-headed 'fore I realized
that it meant the way to happiness and
enjoyment. I never had any child'en or
husband to support, and never expect to
have, but my Bessie makes it all up to
me, and she don't love me an atom
more'n I love her, and I don't b'lieve
there's a father or mother among 'em
that choked up any prouder'n I did
when she come sailin' onto the stage
commencement day, and read her piece,
all done up in pink ribbons and white
muslin."

"She has graduated, then?" asked
Lotty.

"Oh, no, indeed; this is her first year!
But they was having a kind of a welcom-
ing, and all the classes took part, and

Bessie spoke for hers. It was real pret-
ty, too, the poetry."

The old lady stopped and looked at
Lotty. Lotty didn't stop looking at her.
Was this the fussy, fidgety old lady who
had fussed about the window, and fidgeted
about the tickets, and plagued all her
neighbors generally? Lotty thought of
her fairy-books where all the wrinkled
old women change suddenly into fairies
with benevolent faces and unlimited
blessings in their gift. She smiled to
herself, and thought, whimsically,
"I wonder if she is going to offer me
three fairy wishes."

The spectacled old lady spoke pre-
sently, and, oddly, in the line of Lotty's
fancy.

"What do you wish, child, more'n any-
thing else, to make you happy when you
get down there to school?"

"To have the girls like me," said Lotty,
as solemnly as if this were the first of
her three wishes. "And, Oh, I know
they won't!" she sobbed, making little
water-color sketches all over her face with
that gloomy handkerchief. "They never
do. And I'm just scared of strangers
till I get acquainted with 'em! And it's
just horrid to have to go away off from
folks that love you among a lot of strangers
that you don't care the tip of your finger
for, and that won't be good to you."

The old lady lost more and more of
her wrinkles, and fairies aren't plenty
that look as kind or as wise as she did.
"Now you jes' let an old woman tell
ye something, dear," she said, taking
one of Lotty's plump gloved hands in
both her black lace mitts. "You jes' be
good to them. It's the best 'ressipee'
for homesickness that ever was invented.
And it don't cost anything, and it ain't
bad to take, and it's good to take a dose
before and after meals, and every time
you think of it. And it works instantane-
ously—try it!"

Lotty laughed, and so did the old
lady.

"Yes," she repeated, wiping her spec-
tacles tenderly, "what this poor old woman
wants most of anything is somebody to
be good to it. Everybody—don't make
no sort of difference who nor how happy
they look—they're all hurt somewhere.
That's what made 'em love the Lord so
when he was round there in Palestine—
'He went about doing good.'

"And it all comes back again. Why,
bless your little heart, child, it's just like
the balls you see the child'en throwing
up in the sky to see how fur they can
send 'em. The heartier you heave 'em
the heavier they come down. Cast up
your balls of kindness and good-will,
they'll be coming down in a reg'lar show-
er on your own head pretty soon—"

"Ticket, ma'am?" said the conductor,
hurriedly.

The fairy vanished. The nervous,
little old woman came back, and she
was fretty and flurried, and couldn't find
her purse.

"They always make me feel so frustrated,
my dear," she said, apologetically,
when he had passed on. "I hope the
Lord won't lay it up against me. 'Taint
the cars altogether, nor the whizzing by
things so, though I do say for that it
always makes me think of Apollyon in
the 'Pilgrim,' and I always feel as if I
wanted somebody to hold the critter's
heels whilst I get in. It's the conductors'
more'n anything with their little machine
voices—click, click, clickety-click, like
so many pistols ready to say, 'Your money
or your life, or I will shoot you!'"

"But they are polite, too, don't you
think?" laughed Lotty, who had experi-
enced a good deal of kindness from
conductors. "I guess it's only their
sharp, quick way."

"And I don't like sharp, quick ways,"
returned the old lady, plaintively. "It
frustrates me. Well, good-bye, dear,"
she added, as they stopped at a little
side-station. "Good-bye, and remember
Aunt Ruth's 'ressipee.'"

Lotty laughed little laughs for a mile
or two. It was such a comical little old
lady-fairy to meet in a rainy-day journey.
But the more she laughed, the more she
remembered the "ressipee." I hope if I
ever turn my hand to giving advice that
I shall have a good laugh to go with it.
It is one of the very best mordants, and
lets the advice "strike in" and color lives
in a most wonderful fashion.

I am glad to tell you that Lotty kept
laughing happily to the end of her journey.

By the time she got there, she was in
the gayest good humor. Her cheeks
were all dry, and so was the weather by
this time, and when, at last, she was tum-
bled into the big seminary hall with fifty
other newly-arrived girls and trunks, it
was with such a bright face that she
brought her own welcome in it at the
door with her, and people turned out and
smiled at her as you do at a baby or
butcher, or anything bright and happy.

"Oh, you've got your trunk, or you
wouldn't look so!" cried one distracted
little maiden, pouncing on a new tag
that she had not seen before, and almost
standing on her head in her efforts to
read the legend thereon.

"Yes, 'tis—no, 'tisn't! Oh, dear, you
might know 'twould be Hattie Bent
instead of Hattie Bender! I declare, I'd
change my name in a minute if I thought
the clothes would fit!" she cried, sitting
down on a Saratoga in comical despair.

"Oh, well, never mind till after sup-
per," said Lotty, consolingly. "There's
time enough before we get away from
here," she added, laughing.

"But I do mind!" cried Hattie. "And
I don't want to wait. Look at my ruf-
fles for supper! And my handkerchief
that I've cried into all the way from
Woonsocket!"

"Oh, well, if that's all, we were made
for each other," laughed Lotty, lightly.
"I put six yards of 'tourist' in my little
bag, and any amount of handkerchiefs,
and I guess they aren't all wet. Come
up to my room—the girls says it's 42—
and I'll fix you."

Hattie thought herself "fixed" very
nicely, and turned round from a pro-
longed contemplation of herself in the
glass to bestow a hearty kiss on Lotty's
plump cheek.

"You darling, you!" she cried, giving
her another in rapturous school-girl fash-
ion. "You're perfectly beatific! Say,
won't you be my room-mate? I was go-
ing to have Miss Primster, the calisthen-
ics teacher, but she can't come this term.
One of the girls always has to have her,
but she was benevolent enough to get
sick this time. Will you? It's too late
for me to get anybody else that's nice."

"Why, I don't—" began Lotty, hesi-
tating.

"Don't you speak a word, unless you
say 'Yes!'" cried the merry girl, sealing
Lotty's mouth with a chubby pink palm.
"Why, yes, if you—" mumbled Lotty,
as if she were eating hasty pudding.

"You, blessed, beaming, beauteous an-
gel!" cried the chatterer. "Now I am
'fixed' beautifully," and with an arm
around Lotty's waist, and her waist in
Lotty's arm, she waltzed down stairs and
through the long corridor into the super-
rior-room.

"Oh, I am so glad I've got you!" she
told her again a week or two after, with
an unusually ecstatic embrace, even for
Hattie. "I knew it was inspection day,
and I really, truly meant to do my dust-
ing this time. And to see you go meek-
ly and peaceably and do it for me, so
that I shouldn't get reported. You're a
perfect chrysanthemum lucaethemum of
a girl."

"A what?" laughed Lotty, reclining
leisurely after her labors.

"If you took botany you'd know," re-
torted Hattie, coolly. "They would let
me say 'daisy,' so I'm reduced to Latin
'for short.'"

"She doeth little kindnesses," quoted
Dorcy Vance, sentimentally. "I'd be as
giddy as you if it wasn't so much trouble,
Lotty, my love. I don't see how you
always think of things, though. You
seem to have everybody on your mind."

"Before and after meals, and every
time you think of it," laughed Lotty to
herself softly, so softly that the odd little
smile on her face was all the girls knew
of the comical thought in her mind.

The little old lady had blessed her as
surely as if she had dropped a fairy gift
in her cradle, or a purse of fairy gold
to buy good-will and favor.

Lotty had always been a good girl,
not selfish, cheery and bright enough;
but this was an added grace—this genu-
ine, unaffected interest in others, and affec-
tionate care for their welfare. It painted
her name on all their hearts with an un-
fading aureole round it.

"Lotty is a real little Mascotte," said
one of the older girls one day, seeing
Lotty's white dress brushing by the open
door, and speaking with impulsive affec-
tion as people were apt to at sight of her.

It was near the end of her third year
at school, and her very name had grown
to be "incrustated round" with sweet as-
sociations. Not a girl there but had some
kind word or act to remember of her,
not one who could recall a harsh or spite-
ful or tattling word, a gesture or look
unpleasant.

"I don't know what you mean by 'Mas-
cotte,'" spoke up 'Treess' Clemmer, who
had never heard of the pretty peasant
myth, "but I know she's a real little
Christian. She don't talk about it as
much as some other folks, but if ever I
try to be pious I want to be her kind!"

Blunt and honest was Treess who wasn't
a Christian herself, and wouldn't pretend,
and thought she cared for none of these
things; she had never been "brought up
to it" (she used to say of herself), only
come up, and not as a flower.

"You don't know how lovely she is,"
chimed in little Milly Peters, one of the
"primaries," as they called the little
girls in the preparatory department.

"She helps us with our lessons, and coaxes
the teachers pleasant when we get into
scrapes, and—everything! I don't
want to stay another minute when she's
gone," she added, with a girl's pathetic
adoration of an older girl.

"Well, she's going, and you can't help
yourselves!" burst out Hattie Bender,
tearfully, "and I wish all the money was
at the bottom of the Red Sea, for 'tis the
root of all evil, and it hasn't made mis-
chief enough in the world yet, but it has
to take our Lotty away from us!"

With this lucid preface, Hattie dropped
her head among the rubbish of
books and papers and sobbed in her
heart's content, leaving the other girls to
guess at the riddle of her grief at their
leisure.

"Hattie Bender, you hold your head
up here and tell me how you know and
what for and what's money got to do
with it anyway!"

Treess Clemmer had her by the shoul-
ders, and Hattie's head was "up" with-
out any will of her own. She wiped her
eyes and began to laugh hysterically into
her drenched handkerchief.

"Her father wrote for her to come
home, because there isn't any more
money, and I 'know' because I read the
letter!"

"Well, you are—" cried two or three
of the girls, firmly.

"Yes, I are," retorted Hattie, laugh-
ing and biting her handkerchief. "Just
as mean as you like, but it was all
crumpled up in the waste-basket, and I
got it out to wipe my pen on. Anyhow
I know it now, and I know what she's

been crying nights for the last month,
and I think it's a burning, scorching
shame!"

"The 'root' isn't money at all, but the
want of it, it seems," observed Treess,
quietly, making her eyes small and
shrewd and calculating. "I'd do some-
thing besides crying, seems to me."

"Treess, you clever thing! Tell us
what you mean."

Lotty was sitting quietly at her win-
dow that evening, with two or three of
the girls, who had dropped in, as usual,
for a chat or a frolic. They had left the
door open, and if Lotty had happened to
"drop out" she would have found forty
or fifty more crouching and hovering
about the door like—well, "guardian
angels" is a pretty word.

"Lotty, one of the nicest, just the
sweetest girls in the Sem. has got to
leave this year—no more money. Can't
we do anything?"

"Oh, yes, do! Who is it?" cried
Lotty, earnestly, with a secret thrill of
sympathy, that she thought nobody else
could guess. "Oh, I'm sure you can.
Ask the principal to remit her tuition."

"We have," returned Hattie, trium-
phantly. "But there's the board and the
extras."

"Make it up among yourselves—you
can. I'll give a dollar myself. Oh, no,
I can't. Not this year," she added, sadly.
"Call it the Red Ribbon Club, and
have a secret society, and charge fifty
cents to join," cried Dorcy, enthusias-
tically. "The secret is the name of the
girl you support."

"Call it the No Ribbon Club," said
Lotty, and don't let a ribbon be seen
while she needs the money. There'll be
some self-denial in that."

"We will! we will!" cried Hattie,
clapping her hands.

"Who is it?" begged Lotty, eagerly.

"You can tell me—if I don't join."

Three or four girls snatched Lotty's
hand and danced her, delightedly, up to
the looking-glass, while a dozen others,
pouring in, assisted so valiantly in turn-
ing on the gas that Lotty's eyes winked
from pain.

"It's your own darling, dumpling,
precious self, dear," cried Hattie, as
spokeswoman. "And now you've got to
stay, for it's all arranged, and we are a
'No Ribbon Club,' aren't we, girls? and
there isn't a bit of self-denial to it."

"Why, girls! why, girls!" cried Lotty.
"How could you? How did you? I
didn't tell anybody—I don't see—"

"You'll forgive me, won't you, Lotty?"
coaxed Hattie, with the most kissable
mouth that ever sued for pardon. "You
shouldn't put your papa's letters—"

"O Hattie," cried Lotty.

"And here's fifty dollars to begin with
—our own pocket money. You will
take it?"

"After I've advised you all to be self-
denying!" exclaimed Lotty, distressfully.
"That's the fun of it," they cried,
heartily. "It's just like you. Now it's
all arranged—"

"Stop your noise and your nonsense,"
burst in Treess, again, pushing the girls
away and taking possession of Lotty her-
self with rough affection. "Here's Miss
Lettice, and she'll make Lotty hearken
to reason."

"You little goose," said the principal,
brusquely, "didn't you know there were
a dozen ways to prevent your going if
you wanted to stay? You can be as-
sistant in the drawing class next year if
you like. That will pay your expenses."

"Three cheers for Miss Lettice," cried
Treess, waving a green lamp-shade for
signal.

"I'll give you just half an hour to
chatter, you magpies," returned the prin-
cipal, smilingly, unmindful of the "tar-
dy bell," which was ringing.

"Three cheers for Treess," cried Het-
ty, softly, as the door closed behind her.
"No, sir," exclaimed Treess, surprised
into magnanimity, "it's three cheers for
the 'No Ribbon Club,' and I think it be-
haves like a Christian. I expected you'd
all be mad with me, because I know
you wanted to do it yourselves."

"Oh, well, I guess it's nicer as it is,"
sighed Hattie, regretfully.

"It's nicer as it is, echoed Lotty,
gratefully. "Ever so much nicer. But I
think you are just the dearest girls—ev-
ery blessed one of you."

They kissed her good-night, and she
went to bed, and to sleep after awhile,
though she never expected to. She woke
from a tangle of dreams to find Hattie
dropping a morning kiss on her forehead
just as she was pondering how to cook
the No Ribbon Club for commencement
dinner according to "Aunt Ruth's Res-
cipee."—Our Youth.

DR. CHALMERS BAFFLED.—When Dr.
Chalmers became minister of Kilmany,
in the north of Fife, he used to get his
supplies from Anstruther. On one occa-
sion—so the story runs—he sent a writ-
ten order for a sack of corn to a Mr.
Thomson there. The corn never came,
and Chalmers was much annoyed. Next
time he was in Anstruther he called on
Mr. Thomson for an explanation. It
was soon given. The merchant had
been unable to decipher the minister's
hieroglyphics, and had put the note in
his desk until Mr. Chalmers should call.
"Not make out my writing!" exclaimed
Chalmers, indignantly. "Show it to me."
He read a few words, but then he stuck,
completely baffled. He was, however,
equal to the occasion. With a pawky
smile he returned the letter to the mer-
chant, saying, "But the letter was ad-
dressed to you, Mr. Thomson; it is your
business to read it, not mine."

Humble love, and not proud science,
keeps the door of heaven.—Young.

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few doses of Regulator, which completely cured
him."—JOHN T. CHAFFELL, Poplar Mount,
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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1887.

Rev. Dr. H. M. Field tells his readers that he has lately spent an hour at his own home in Spain with Christopher Columbus, the lineal descendant of the great discoverer, who inherits both the name and the title of his renowned ancestor. What a conspicuous person he should be when the 1892 memorial festivities shall occur!

We have met with a delightful reminiscence of that most wonderful historic scholar, Leopold Von Ranke. Although a German, he had a mortal aversion to tobacco. It was to him "a mystery how any man of heart could wander about in God's free, beautiful nature with a cigar in his mouth." Without the weed, Ranke managed to write some fifty volumes and to live with hardly diminished powers into his ninety-first year.

The successor of the late Dr. A. A. Hodge at Princeton Seminary is Professor Benj. Breckenridge Warfield of Alleghany Seminary. His mother is the daughter of the well-known Kentuckian, Robert J. Breckenridge, D.D., and cousin of the former Vice-President of the United States, John C. Breckenridge. One of our exchanges adds that his father was a famous breeder of Short-horn cattle and fine horses! Well, that has been a stout stock, that came by way of Ireland from old Scotland.

Perforce, one must read the telegrams each day concerning the state of affairs in Europe. And regularly come, about twice a week, alarming dispatches of impending war and expected outbursts. No sooner has a calm followed the awakened fears than the same sort of a story comes from another commercial center. Now, it is very evident that speculators or politicians, or some other selfish men in combinations, invent or foment war-rumors for the sake of a panic and of making money, or getting notoriety by means of it. Very likely these parties really want war; but if it were to come, they wish to avail themselves of the apprehension of it to push their private schemes. We wish such persons could be punished as traducers, gamblers, robbers and destructives.

The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland and the English Presbyterian Church have adopted declaratory acts explaining in what sense the Westminster formularies admit of being understood. And now Professor Candlish has given notice of an overture to the General Assembly of the Free Church, asking that body to declare in like manner how the same formularies are to be understood on points in respect to which some of the ministers and elders have difficulties in making their subscription. Our Presbyterian brethren are very fond of making it appear that Congregationalists do not stand by the old creeds. It is to our brethren's credit in Scotland and England that they seek to explain the seventeenth-century creeds to suit our present mental needs.

The launching of the Henry George phase of socialism, on the land question, into politics has had the singular and unlooked-for result of thrusting the frail craft at once against the stiff buttresses of Romanism in the city of New York. Dr. McGlynn, the popular pastor of one of the wealthiest Roman Catholic parishes in the city of New York (and hitherto admonished for his sympathy with certain social and political movements), has co-operated with Mr. George, to some extent, in advancing his political fortunes. This activity of his has brought about the interference of his Archbishop, and the reference of his case to the "Propaganda," at Rome, and finally to the Pope, who has summoned him to Rome in person—a summons which he hesitates about obeying. The shock and jar of such an event has stirred a wonderful excitement in Roman Catholic circles, not to call it a tempest. The exact issue of the matter, common mortals cannot yet foresee.

ONE OR MANY?

It is sometimes said that every man has one probation, and that consists in the attitude he deliberately takes with reference to the claim made upon him in Christ. But it should seem that, for many of us, there have been several probations. Christ has crossed our path a great many times, and the divine claim has been pressed upon our attention again and again. But it is not to be expected that we could resist this claim indefinitely and the prospects of our conversion remain just as good as ever. The time comes when the die is cast. Why the case is decided in our one-hundredth probation rather than in our first is a problem, indeed. Why this man should have been brought into issue with Christ one hundred times and his brother man only once or never, who can tell? It seems to be thought by some of our thinkers that it will be possible somehow, in a future state, to bring souls that have never confronted God's love here into some decisive relations with that love. But can that be brought about just across the line of the two worlds by the gospel meeting them in some special revelation on the threshold of the new state? Would the part of three full days, like that in which Jesus' body lay in the grave, be sufficient to secure a full issue? Or are we to suppose that there is to be a succession of probations—a hundred, a thousand? If so, then why should not the man who heard only one sermon here, and did not accept the message then, be favored with hearing ninety-nine more? We ask these questions, and they serve to show that our New Departure brethren have entered into a region which is a labyrinth, and they do not know how to thread it. It is a region whose gates there is only one person who can open, and he has not been pleased to open them. How pertinent are the words of the apostle, "Judge nothing before the time!" Then every one, whether he have passed one or a hundred probations, shall receive his proper praise from God.

We are glad, for once, to agree with the *Popular Science Monthly* on a social and economical question; or, rather, with a writer in that publication. This writer successfully assails the proposition "that land is not a proper subject for private ownership." He shows, on the other hand, that tenantry, whether the proprietor be the nation, or a small class of great land-holders, is destructive of the commonwealth, and fatal to individual prosperity, since it takes away from every man the best possible good to him on the earth; namely, a home of his own, of which he can not be dispossessed, legally. We quote a few lines from the article named: "There are possibly some evils that arise from private ownership of land, but the blessings that arise from it are simply incalculable. * * * The ownership of land is one of the greatest stimulants to right-doing that exists; it excites ambition; it promotes industry; it induces thrift and abstemious habits; it is the hope of youth and the pride of age. It is the very essence of wisdom to encourage it. Anarchy is impossible among a people wedded to the land."

Once in about seven years we have a flurry of snow in this vicinity; just often enough to prevent any child born on the soil from growing to maturity without having been an eye-witness of the phenomenon. Last Saturday morning the city awoke to find the snow falling. It fell in showers till nearly noon. By that hour there was a slight covering over all objects. But the snow disappeared from everything but the higher hills before sunset, when the skies became clear. The sight was beautiful when the nearly full moon reached the zenith, and poured her cold beams on the colder robes of white that lay on the higher parts of both the inner and outer Coast Range of hills. But the Sunday view was more brilliant still, when the sun mounted into a clear sky, and flooded the scene, and widened the view, and touched objects which the vision rarely reaches with a celestial sheen. "He giveth snow like wool," "White as snow in Salmon"—we now know what these mean better than ever before. Do we any better comprehend the sense of the declaration, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow"? If "yes," then we have not lived in vain through these days notable in our meteorology.

We do not altogether sympathize with the distinguished men in Congress who have so severely arraigned Great Britain, and condemned the action of her authorities on the "fishery" question. Of course, we cannot approve the retaliation

resolutions adopted by the United States Senate with such unanimity. That the Canadians have indulged themselves in illegal proceedings and unneighborly conduct, and have been guilty of wrong and inhumane acts, no unprejudiced person will deny. The people of the States of the Northeast have been wantonly provoked. But, as a rule, reprisals cure nothing; and the feeling of retaliation, though it limit itself to words, irritates rather than soothes the frictions which the conflict regarding fishery rights and privileges has produced. The executive department of our Government should have interposed effectively long ago. It should have negotiated the matter into silence, or submitted it to arbitration, when the present trouble was first brought to its notice. The Administration is heavy and slow—very slow. The Secretary of State does not wish to take any responsibilities, and the President waits, postpones and defers. Meanwhile, the British authorities criticize, and the Canadians get bolder and more reckless, and new complications arise. Thus we are slowly drifting into a state of bitter feeling and hostile utterance that is wholly unbecoming, and likely to make a final settlement very difficult.

In reference to Dr. Willey's journey to California that will appear in THE PACIFIC of February 23d, he says: "Mr. Douglass and myself started from New York. It was Rev. Mr. Woodbridge who started from New Orleans. The California arrived at Monterey February 23, 1849, and not at San Francisco on that day."

SOCIAL SYMPATHY.

BY REV. DR. A. L. STONE.

We cannot well avoid the conviction, as it seems to me, that it was intended we should feel and exercise an affectionate sympathy toward all with whom we walk in the actual fellowship of life.

The foundation for such an exercise is laid deep in the fact of the common paternity of the race in the great Creator of all. Every lip of ours, as we look up, is entitled to call him "Father," and to preface that dear and sacred word with a possessive plural, "Our Father," grouping us as members of one household.

And with this common ancestry we know we have a common nature in the visible likeness of our physical frame, and the unseen resemblance of the indwelling Spirit. Without other knowledge than this, that we and our neighbor possess the same type of being as children of one parent, the conclusion would seem to be irresistible that we should look upon one another with a heart throbbing each to each in the pulsation of sensibilities at home with both. Assume us, then, only of this, that we are in such descent alike human, and the call to mutual acquaintance and love and help is imperious and controlling.

This sympathy should be stimulated and fed by all that meets our sight in the person of another. Does he stand upright before us, as firm in frame and footing, or does he lean and waver, as of necessity favoring some infirmity? How can our vision make report upon such investigation without filling us with a spirit of congratulation or of pity and helpfulness. Does he move with easy and elastic tread, as though motion were more grateful than resting, or does he show that such exertion is a wearisome tax to be avoided, if it may be? Can we ask and answer such questions without feeling our sensibilities correspondingly enlisted?

And if, beside our gazing, we employ our hearing, what is the appeal that comes to us through this organ? The tones that vibrate upon our ears—are they clear, ringing and pleasant, or husky, dull and sad? and can we listen without a response, cheering or compassionate? What type of thought and feeling does that voice issue as it exchanges signals with us and others? Can we be indifferent to such a problem, without foregoing the pressure of the bond by which we are girded to this our mate?

And as the intellectual life gives out its demonstrations and utterance, shall we not care to discern whether it has drunk deep at the fountains of knowledge, shaken hands with philosophy, soared with the wings of the muses, or only plodded its blundering way along the shaded paths of ignorance and stupidity.

And when we ask whether there are any upward aspirations of the spirit, whether it seeks any portion other than that which gratifies the senses, and with what success it has sought to endow itself with an investment never to fail through a blessed immortality, shall we wait for no answer, or, if we win one, let it idly on the shelf as we brood our own concerns?

Oh, that this flame of social sympathy, pure and glowing, may burn on the hearthstone of our consciousness as we mingle with those at whose side we sit or stand or walk on highways of life! How is it with us now—cool, self-absorbed, indifferent to the character and welfare of those associated with us, or affectionately earnest to read their daily story and contribute to their richest and sweetest ripeness of soul for the present and the unending future?

REV. H. H. SPALDING—VII.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The ups and downs of this missionary life may be seen from the following extracts from Mr. Spalding's journal:

"July 21, 1841.—Observe the day as a day of fasting and prayer, and adopt some resolutions, with my dear wife, tending to keep us from falling into a passion, especially when injured by our brethren."

"24th.—Lawyer [an Indian chief] appears solemn; says he can do nothing; is like a dead carcass without head, legs or arms."

"August 5th.—Grind a little at the new mill. Thank the Lord, O my soul, for this additional means of carrying on his work here! May this mill never be diverted from the glorious work of sanctifying in a spiritual, as well as a temporal point of view, this benighted people!"

"17th.—Husk the corn. Thank the Lord, O my soul, for his goodness in giving us the fruits of the earth in such abundance!"

"18th.—Writes that he had lost two cows out of three by poisoning, and thinks that it is done because of his sins; but is thankful that he has had them so long, and that he has so much left. He wrote a half a foolscap page about it."

"19th.—Cause three children to be whipped for stealing corn. O, what will become of this people!"

"20th.—Have some painful thoughts about the state of the mission."

"24th.—Complete a loom. Mrs. Spalding prepares to weave a carpet."

In June, 1843, nine persons were admitted into the church, who had appeared well from a year and a half to four years. The school, a part of the time, averaged eighty pupils. Some time previous he held a protracted meeting for ten days, at which a thousand people were in attendance; and so he felt encouraged. Yet, while this meeting was in progress, one chief, Old James, became very angry, and said that a white man, Mr. Craig, his son-in-law, had told them that they should demand payment for their land, and that he also told them to tear away the mill-dam some time before.

During the latter part of 1842, Mrs. Spalding was grossly insulted in her own house, in the absence of her husband, and ordered out of it. About the same time, an Indian stole one of Mr. Spalding's horses, and when he went to recover the animal he found that the rogue had crossed the river, but he returned, and presented a loaded gun at Mr. Spalding's breast, and abused and menaced him as far as possible, without shooting him.

Owing to these troubles, and others among other tribes, especially the Cayuses, Dr. E. White, a former missionary of the Methodist mission in Oregon, who had recently returned as United States Sub-Indian Agent, made a journey to that region, reaching Mr. Spalding's in December, 1842. During this visit, he was able to do nothing with the Cayuses, but he found the Nez Perces much more tractable. He was accompanied by Mr. C. Rogers, previously associated with Mr. Spalding, Mr. T. McKay, an old mountaineer, and Mr. McKinley, then in charge of Fort Walla Walla. His description of Mr. Spalding's work and success is very similar to that of Commodore Wilkes, already given, saying that he found nearer approaches to civilization and more desire for improvement than he had elsewhere met with in any Indian country.

A council was held, speeches were made, the Indians were presented with food and hoes, a feast was prepared, a head chief, Ellis, was chosen; some simple laws, with reference to their intercourse with each other, and with the whites were made, and they were conciliated. They were given to understand in how high estimation Mr. and Mrs. Spalding are held by the whites, and that they must protect them; and the council adjourned with happy results. After this visit the work went on quite favorably for a time; the school numbered two hundred and thirty pupils, including most of the chiefs and principal men; the congregations grew in size, and a revival took place.

By this time about a hundred and forty of the Indians cultivated from one-fourth of an acre to five acres each, one chief in 1842 raising about five hundred and seventy-five bushels of peas, corn, and potatoes. They had some cattle, sheep, and hogs, and Mrs. Spalding had taught a large number of the women to sew, and a few to knit, card, spin, and weave.

But during the winter the health of Mrs. Spalding failed twice, she was obliged to relinquish the school, and it was feared she would die. Some of the chiefs, however, conducted the school during one illness, and one of them said, "If it could be, I would gladly die in her stead, that she might live and teach the people."

In May, 1843, a council was held with the Cayuses by Dr. White, but in order to be successful with them it was thought wise to secure the aid of Mr. Spalding and the Nez Perces. Hence, the agent first visited them. Rev. G. Hines accompanied him, and in his "History of Oregon" has left a full account of the trip. Like his predecessors, he speaks highly of the work as "evidently the most promising mission in Oregon." "In no place," he says, "have I seen more visible fruits of labor thus bestowed. There are few missionaries in any part of the world more worthy of the confidence of the Church that employs them than these self-sacrificing servants of Je-

sus Christ." Mr. Spalding, Chief Ellis, and six hundred Nez Perces accompanied Dr. White to Walla Walla to the council with the Cayuses, and they aided greatly in securing peaceable results with the latter tribe, which was the most difficult one with which Dr. White had to deal. Indeed there was great fear that nothing could be done with them, and, at one time there was so much excitement that Chief Ellis said he thought the Cayuses were determined to fight the Nez Perces; but the fact of the successful result of the Council with the Nez Perces the previous December, together with the tact of Mr. Spalding in drawing off several hundred to a house for worship at a most critical time, gave an opportunity for the excitement to cool off, and the danger passed.

Again, in the fall of 1843, sickness visited them, so that Mr. Spalding, his wife, and two children were down with the same disease, and a messenger was sent for Dr. Whitman, then on his return from the East. He accordingly left the advanced party of the immigrants at the Grande Ronde valley, and hastened immediately to Mr. Spalding's. "Few," says the Doctor, "are raised from a state as low as that to which Mrs. Spalding was reduced."

Again, there was trouble on account of Catholic teaching which reached the Nez Perces, although no priest settled among them, and what has been called the "Sectarian Picture War" was the result. The Catholic priests drew off a part of the Nez Perces to their church, and gave them a picture of a tree and ladder. The various sects were represented as going up the tree, leaving the main trunk, going off on the branches, from which they fell into a fire, while the Bible was thrown into the fire by a priest. From the top of the tree a ladder extended up into heaven, on which a priest and his followers were ascending.

In order to counteract this Mrs. Spalding painted a picture, in which she represented much of Bible history, from Adam to the day of Pentecost; and also the priests burning the Bible, counting their beads and crosses, and the like. In this picture war the Protestant Indians gained the advantage, as they had more Bible knowledge, and it was hard to make them believe that it was right to burn the Bible, for which they had such reverence. On seeing the hard feeling, however, which existed between the Catholic and Protestant Indians, even more bitter than between similar classes of whites, Chief Ellis is reported to have said, "It may do for whites to have two religions, but it does not do for Indians."

Again, in the spring of 1847, there was a course of procedure on the part of some of the Nez Perces, which was annoying to Mr. Spalding, and fatal, for a time, to his usefulness; but as the season advanced, the chiefs became more friendly, professed to deplore the conduct of the "Infidel Party," and expressed a strong desire that Mr. Spalding should remain, and labor with them.

M. ELLIS.

PIONEER REMINISCENCES.

CLAYTON, Feb. 7, 1887.

EDITORS PACIFIC: In your issue of February 2d I observe a notice of an article to be published, written by Dr. Willey of Benicia, in reference to the arrival of the steamship *California*, placing the date as of February 23d, 1849. This, I think, is an error. I was then residing in my own house, which I had built in the fall of 1848, on a fifty-acre lot on the southwest corner of Stockton and Washington streets, and recollect the event quite well. From my residence I had a perfect view of the bay, and saw the steamer as she gracefully glided past the ships of war—*Ohio*, *Preble* and the *Savannah*—then anchored in front of the town, and could see the smoke of their guns as they boomed forth a salute from each in complement to General Persifer F. Smith and staff, who were on board the *California*. The guns of the Presidio had also given them a salute in passing, and gave us the first notice of her arrival. The town was all alive with excitement, "all of which I saw, and part of which I was." According to my recollection, it was on the last day of February, 1849, that the *California* arrived. I think this can be verified at the office of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Captain Stout, who was a fellow-passenger with me on the ship *Rhone* (Captain Hill, Master) from Callao via Honolulu, was then agent for the Company. Rev. T. Dwight Hunt who had arrived from Honolulu in October, 1848, was then the chaplain of the town at a salary of \$2,500 dollars per annum. The following summer he organized the First Congregational church of San Francisco. Rev. Dr. Woodbridge and Rev. Albert Williams were passengers on the *California*. If I had the time, I could write some reminiscences of those early days, but you have so many good things to publish that, probably, you would not have room for them. I shall look forward to Dr. Willey's article with unusual interest. I recall with pleasure his valuable assistance in establishing the first Protestant young ladies' seminary on this coast, at Benicia. Yours truly,

C. E. WETMORE.

It seems singular that men who have had no difficulty in taking the oath administered by Presbytery to preach the doctrines of the Westminster Confession should have such scruples about teaching the Andover Creed.

The recent storm has badly blocked the Canadian Pacific railroad. It is reported that no through mail has been received for twelve days. Telegraph lines are down in all directions.

Home Missionary.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D. D.

Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue.

THE MEETING IN GALT.

Due notice was given from the pulpit that on Monday night Rev. Dr. Barrows and the Superintendent of Home Missions would address the church and the people of Galt on the general subject of home evangelization, and in connection with the special effort being made to meet the emergency for a speedy issue from debt and trouble the Home Missionary Society was laboring under.

The night was clear, stiff and bracing. The stars shone their best, and seemed to nod "Amen" to the ringing call of the church bell, and kindled brighter light on the way of those whose feet followed their hearts to the church. How easily the doors of that beautiful sanctuary swung on noiseless hinges as one after another crossed the threshold; and what cheer of light, beauty, elegant taste and comfort that filled the inner court welcomed all who came to see and to hear what that ardent friend and advocate of so great a cause, who had come from San Francisco, had to say! The pastor of the church, Rev. E. N. Dyer, had so infused his people with the spirit that was in him that the membership was out in force. When it was said that out of the General Association in Woodland, Galt was made the starting-point of the new era in home missions, a feeling of satisfaction responded to the honor of the happening, and the atmosphere of home missions at once filled the place. It was the first time many present had heard the pastor of the First church of San Francisco, and as they listened to him, and followed him to the end, it was evident that he thought just as they did, or that they felt and believed every word that he said. The new era fairly shone upon the audience, and assurances of its continuing to shine were freely made at the close of the meeting.

The meeting was supposed to have closed with the benediction; but it took so long for everybody to shake hands with each other and with the San Francisco brethren, and to ask a long list of questions about home missions that indicated an altitude of the thermometer, which, we hope, will never know a creep downward! Who enjoyed that meeting the most—the men who talked or the many who listened with such eager and attentive interest—it is not easy to say. This we do know, it commenced in the Galt church—the lift and the advance which, we believe, is to be made all along the line.

The worst railroad accident that ever happened in Vermont, and one of the worst ever in this country, occurred last Friday night on the Vermont Central railroad. A through passenger train from Boston to Canada, by the breaking of a rail, and, it is now thought, first by the breaking of the axle of one of the cars, broke away from the engine and was thrown off a bridge, down some sixty or seventy feet, on to White river, which was frozen several inches thick. Immediately the cars caught fire from the over-turned stoves. Water and help were insufficient, and large numbers of the imprisoned passengers were soon burned to death. At last reports the bodies of forty-six persons had been taken from the wreck. Some who were saved were dragged out only by breaking their limbs and bruising them terribly, and after the fire had already reached them. What dangers by the way! Such a fearful accident gives strong testimony to the urgent need for safer means for warming cars. It is said that pipes can be run from the engines, furnishing all the heat needed, which can be shut off instantly. We have no doubt but that safer ways can and should be used. But no device of man can make us perfectly safe, only in God's keeping. The singer, Bliss, some years ago, went up to heaven from the burning cars at Ashtabula. Death by fire is terrible, but quick. Keep close to the Saviour, trust him fully, and then we shall go on our way, or go up in a chariot of fire, as he thinks best.

Last Sunday evening, while good people were in church, in this city, another dynamite explosion occurred on the Geary-street cable-road, wrecking the dummy, but injuring no one seriously. And yet strikers, who are the direct or indirect authors of these murderous assaults, are sympathized with, and aided by many good people. We endorse the following from the *Bulletin* of February 7th, though it is a sad statement to make that our officers of the law sympathize with murderers: "It is evident that there are among us miscreants who are ready to take the lives of innocent people—men, women, and children—and it is fair to assume that this sort of thing will go on so long as it is unpunished, until some day the community is startled by news of a frightful catastrophe. The public are assured by the police that every effort is being made to detect the malefactors; but it is due truth to say that the assurance does not command belief."

A complete set of new postage-stamps, nine in number, from one half-penny to one shilling, was issued to the British public on New Year's day, the opening of the Queen's jubilee year. They are of different colors and area great improvement on the former ones, whose defect lay in their similarity.

Religious Intelligence.

PACIFIC COAST.

The usual meeting of the Congregational Club was held at the Baldwin Hotel on Monday last. The subject of the day, presented by Rev. N. W. Lane, was on "Church Attendance and the Methods to Be Used to Secure It." Rev. G. H. Merrill is expected to present the subject on Monday next.

Rev. C. A. Huntingdon, after five years of good, successful work at Eureka, Humboldt county, is in this city. He was present at the meeting of the Monday Club, and gave a very interesting account of the First Congregational church, of which he was pastor, and of the Second Congregational church, of which Rev. D. D. Bowman is pastor. Mr. Huntingdon is here en route for a visit to the East, but purposes returning to reside in Humboldt county.

Rev. W. H. Baugh was also at the Club. He has come to this State to accept the pastorate of the Cumberland Presbyterian church in San Jose, of which our good friend and brother, Rev. D. E. Bushnell, D.D., was so long the devoted and beloved pastor.

Rev. Dr. Holbrook was at Plymouth church in this city again Sabbath morning and evening. The communion was observed in the morning, and five persons received to membership, four on profession of faith. In the evening Miss Carrie W. Hunt of the New West Educational Commission gave an interesting address, which was well received by the very attentive audience.

Rev. Dr. J. D. Davis of the Japan Mission addressed the Third church in this city Sabbath morning on "Missions in Japan." Pastor Beckwith delivered an admirable sermon at night on "The Expectation of the Wicked Shall Perish." The dedicatory services of the newly completed Third church edifice will be held on Monday evening next. There will be addresses of interest by various pastors of the vicinity. The public are cordially invited.

The communion was observed at Bethany church Sabbath morning, and five new members were added to the church; three of whom (two were Chinese) were on profession of faith.

Five persons were added to the Green-street church last Sunday, four on profession, one by letter. In the evening a kind of jubilee service was held, at which General O. O. Howard and Mr. H. J. McCoy delivered timely and appropriate addresses. Over \$1,000 was raised, which more than liquidated the debt upon the church. The house was crowded.

The First church, Oakland, received twenty-four new members last Sunday, seventeen of whom were on profession of faith, and seven by letter. At night services of a very interesting character were held in connection with the eleventh anniversary of the California Chinese Mission. There was a very large audience, addressed by Rev. Dr. McLean and Rev. W. C. Pond. Jee Gam gave an address, and other Chinese took part in the exercises.

Miss Carrie W. Hunt addressed the Society of Christian Endeavor of the First church in this city Sunday evening, at 6:30.

Rev. Dr. Warren preached to a good congregation at the Second church, Oakland, last Sabbath. At the communion three persons were received to membership.

Rev. Dr. Davis met the Women's Board of Missions of the Pacific at their meeting in Oakland on Tuesday.

Rev. A. K. Crawford preached at the Good Will Mission, Seventh and Market streets, Oakland, Sunday evening.

The special services at Antioch, under State Evangelist Meserve, are being carried on, and good interest manifested. Rev. Rowland Hill was at Cornwall Sunday afternoon, and at Antioch morning and evening.

Neighborhood prayer-meetings were held in Alameda last week. Special services are being held in our church this week. Rev. W. H. Cooke of Oakland is assisting the pastor, Rev. W. W. Scudder.

The Auburn church recently held its annual meeting, and re-elected their retiring officers. The outlook of the church is hopeful and encouraging.

The numerous friends of Rev. F. B. Perkins will regret to hear that ill health has compelled him to resign his pastorate at San Mateo. The resignation has been regrettably accepted.

Rev. J. Chew, who was pastor some few years ago in London, England, but more recently in Atchison, Kansas, arrived some little time ago to take charge of our church in Fresno. The friends of this church, and of our work on this Coast, were glad to welcome him as a valuable accession to our ministerial force in this State. Just three days after he arrived in Fresno, very urgent, pressing letters reached him, with a call to a church in Auckland, New Zealand, where many of his London parishioners and friends are now settled. These letters were laid before the friends in Fresno, and, after conference, it was felt, all things considered, to be Mr. Chew's duty to accept the call from Auckland. He, therefore, leaves this Coast, but will have the good wishes of very many friends here.

The daily Humboldt Times gives an account of a farewell and reception—the farewell to our worthy brother, Rev. C. A. Huntingdon, and wife, who, after successful labors for some five years in the

First church there, now leave for an Eastern trip and change; the reception to Rev. W. H. McDougal, who recently went there to succeed Mr. Huntingdon in the pastorate. Best wishes accompany all the parties.

The Resources of California for January and February has a very fine likeness of Rev. Dr. C. D. Barrows and an interesting sketch of his life. Many of his friends will no doubt like to procure a copy.

Rev. W. M. Meserve is holding meetings with the church in Antioch this week. Churches wishing to secure his services are requested to communicate with the Chairman of the Evangelistic Committee, Rev. W. C. Pond, 436 Bartlett street, San Francisco, as early as possible.

Cantata of "Ruth" will be given by the Bethany Gleaners (Rev. W. C. Pond, pastor), in the Main Hall of the Y. M. C. A., 232 Sutter street, on Friday evening of this week, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the French Evangelical Reformed church in this city. Tickets, 50 cents.

Last Sunday was Temperance day at San Juan. In the morning, the pastor preached on "Temperance," and in the evening the young people gave a Temperance Concert, consisting of readings, recitations, and music, all of which seemed to be highly enjoyed by the large audience. The closing song, "Where's My Wandering Boy To-night," was rendered so as to make a deep impression. P.

Our good brother, Rev. E. D. Tade, preached in the Congregational church in Burlington, Iowa, Sunday morning and evening January 9th. Mr. Tade was among the early pioneers of Iowa. He landed in Burlington with his father in 1835, and has vivid recollections of those days, when the country was attached to Michigan territory. The family settled in Green Bay, which was then in Des Moines county. Mr. Tade was one of the early students of Denmark Academy and of Iowa College.

The receipts of the Financial Agent of the American Home Missionary Society during January were as follows:

January 3d, Plymouth-avenue Congregational Church, Oakland.....	\$ 6 25
January 8th, Saratoga Congregational Church.....	15 00
January 11th, First Congregational Church Sunday-school of Pasadena 10 73	
January 13th, Santa Cruz Congregational Church.....	15 00
Total.....	\$46 98

The Lay Preparatory Class of Plymouth church have just commenced the study of the life of our Lord, intending to go through the four gospels chronologically (as near as may be), some of them constructing a gospel harmony as they go along. Very considerable interest is manifested by the members in their studies, and all seem to feel well paid for the time which they spend in this way. The "recitations" on Tuesday evenings are not confined to the subject which forms their chief study, but include practical exercises designed to qualify the members for conducting acceptably devotional meetings, Sabbath-schools, etc. If all our churches had such a class—some with two, some with three, some with thirty, members—what a standing army we should have always ready for an aggressive campaign in the Master's name!

OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

PRESBYTERIAN.—The San Pablo church has built a parsonage.—Rev. L. L. Clay has taken charge of the C. P. church at Sebastopol.

METHODIST.—Dr. Sinex has gone East.—Central church in this city reports conversions every week.

METHODIST SOUTH.—Rev. George Sim, a highly esteemed minister, died in Woodland, January 27th.—Rev. L. F. Tuttle has been holding special meetings at Santa Rosa.

BAPTIST.—Special meetings in Wheatland have resulted so far in eighteen additions to the church.—Rev. W. T. Fleenor of the San Pablo-avenue church, Oakland, was the recipient of two purses, etc., etc., recently from his people.

SAN FRANCISCO ASSOCIATION ANNIVERSARY.

The thirty-fourth anniversary of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association was observed in Calvary Presbyterian church, Sunday evening, January, 30th. The spacious church was filled to its utmost capacity. Captain Charles Goodall presided, and Rev. S. P. Sprecher, D.D., and Rev. N. L. Rowell, D.D., participated in the opening exercises. Brief addresses were delivered by General O. O. Howard and Mr. H. J. McCoy. The reports presented were most encouraging, showing a marked growth in all departments of the work during the year. At the close of Mr. McCoy's remarks he presented the financial claims of the Association, and something over \$1,300 was subscribed. The exercises closed a little after 9 o'clock.

The orthodox Jews have established a theological seminary in New York city. It was inaugurated January 2d, meets in the Nineteenth-street Synagogue, has eight students, and is to have five professors, one each of Bible, Talmud, History, Homiletics, and Philosophy. Rev. S. Morals, its President, addressing the students, said: "Study the Bible without fear or trepidation, that you may learn what was good and what was bad in your ancestors. Fear nothing except sin. Be always pious, but never bigots."

DEDICATION OF THE "PEOPLE'S CHURCH" AT FORT BIDEWELL.

The "People's Church" was dedicated January 16, 1887. This being an undenominational church, it was agreed, at a meeting of the subscribers, in order to satisfy all parties, that the Rev. Mr. Potter of the United States Army, stationed at the garrison, be requested to deliver the dedicatory sermon and the Rev. D. F. Taylor be asked to give the dedicatory prayer; in addition, all the Protestant ministers residing in the county and at Lakeview, Or., were invited to participate in the dedication.

Quite a large assembly were present on this bright Sabbath morning, and promptly at 11 o'clock Brother Potter and Brother Taylor made their appearance, along with Rev. Mr. Meserve, the State Congregational Evangelist, who was invited to participate in the service. Mr. and Mrs. Lowell, Mr. and Mrs. Poor, Miss Welcome and Mr. Henderson formed the choir, and rendered some excellent vocal music.

The discourse was rendered in a style well calculated to rivet the attention of the audience. The subject was "The Progression of Christ's Church Throughout the Ages, and Its Influence on Civilization." The speaker graphically described the office, which the stately and awe-inspiring cathedral performed in the Middle Ages, as conservatories of the arts, sciences, languages and law and order, and that, with the progress of civilization, these marvelous pieces of architecture had given place to the chapel, until now, in America at least, nothing in the way of pomp, priestly vestment and ritual could satisfy the free and enlightened citizen, where spiritual worship and progression showed itself more in the intensity of the discourse.

The discourse had throughout a masterly run of reasoning, and the speaker, with much eloquence, referred to the freedom of worshiping God enjoyed in our common country. Rev. D. F. Taylor then delivered the dedicatory prayer, wherein he covered the leading characters of the Bible, and implored the Almighty to aid them in the spiritual worship of Christ. Brother Meserve read the forty-sixth Psalm with an intonation that showed he had made it his special study. For a Te Deum the "Italian Hymn" was rendered very impressively by the choir. Mr. J. W. Poor, in behalf of the trustees, submitted the financial report, which indicates that the cost of the church is \$2,500, of which amount all but \$450 had been paid; and that, in order to provide for the current expenses and reduce the debt, the trustees had resolved to rent the pews at prices ranging from \$6 to \$10 per annum, reserving at least fifty seats for those unable to assist in defraying the expenses. After the benediction, the audience sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." A donation of \$50 towards the Building Fund was received from a gentleman immediately after the ceremonies, and about twenty-four pews have been rented, placing the church in a very healthy financial condition.

In this connection, it is but just to say that the church owes its existence largely to the efforts of the Rev. Mr. Taylor and his faithful wife. Some years ago a minister made an attempt to build a denominational church, and when he found that the subscribers were determined to have an undenominational church, he quietly dropped the subject, and the church project rested for a number of years. It was not so with Mr. Taylor, who, seeing that the community could afford but one edifice for the worship of God, submitted to the wishes of the people, and was ever ready and willing to aid and support the undertaking. It must have been a matter of deep regret to him that, after soliciting subscriptions to the extent of \$1,400, he was unable to make it the property of the Congregational Church, which he represents; but this broad spirit in the interest of the Christian cause cannot fail to gain him many friends. The writer gratefully acknowledges the missionary labors of Brother Taylor and his family in this section; their success cannot be measured by the number of accessions to his church; and, like all pioneers, he may not reap the fruit of his labors, yet his good influence is apparent to the observant mind in more than one direction; and, only for the efforts of this gentleman, this community would still be without a house of worship and its attending good influences. Whatever results may be achieved in the Christian cause here will be largely among the younger people. There are a great many honest skeptics in this community who, although willing to aid church enterprises as educational factors, are unwilling to become vitally connected with the church.

This community has furnished large and attentive audiences during the sojourn of the Rev. Mr. Meserve in our midst, whose zeal and eloquence deserve special mention. The attendance at church is constantly increasing, and the sermons delivered by Messrs. Potter, Taylor, James and Woods are of a high order.

It is a very gratifying fact that the educational qualities of the average country minister have materially improved within late years, and speaks well for the future of American theological schools. It is a great mistake to assume that scholastic attainments are scarcely looked for or appreciated in country districts. In the opinion of the writer, the cause of Christianity has greatly suffered at the hands of men whose education wholly disqualified them to command respect or defend the cause which they represent. The standard of education can

scarcely be raised too high, and theologians, as well as physicians, if their lot should be cast in the country, may find a grateful reflection in the fact that the bodies and souls of the human race are equally valuable and worth saving wherever found.

"OCCASIONAL."

Fort Bidwell, Cal., Feb. 1, 1887.

GOOD NEWS FROM HOOD RIVER, OR.

JANUARY 26, 1887.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Hood River is a beautiful little valley of twelve or fourteen hundred inhabitants, perhaps thirty miles from Mt. Hood and surrounded by some of the grandest scenery on the Pacific Coast. On three sides are pine and fir-covered hills, opening like a great half-circle to the broad waters of the Columbia. To the west are the blue peaks of the Cascade Range surmounting the hills. To the south, from one window, I can see Mt. Hood, white and beautiful in its everlasting snows. To the north, from another window, I can see Mt. Adams in Washington Territory. Hood river is becoming quite noted as a summer resort.

But about the missionary work? Well, two years ago I came into the valley one evening on foot—tired, hungry, a young beginner of twenty-three, not yet a home missionary, supporting my mother and her children on a salary of nothing a year, working during the week and preaching on Sunday. You can judge how preaching here pays when I tell you that the first year I worked as a self-supporting missionary I got nothing. The next year I received one dollar. There was two years' work for one dollar. But the Lord has blessed us more since then than ever for years before. I do believe that, whenever we are willing to put our hand in the hand of God and step out in the dark and trust, he will bless us.

Well, there were two Congregationalists found in the valley. After a while six others became favorably impressed with the republican polity and the quiet spirituality of our Church, and, in much trembling, an organization of eight members was formed. Gradually it grew to nineteen. In the meantime we tried to get some evangelist to come and hold meetings and do revival work for us, but it all failed. At last we resolved to choose a band of our best workers, and do our own revival work. The first attempt was made at an out-station, ten miles from here. How we trembled and shrank! But the result was a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit of God and a revival resulting in twenty-two conversions, an organization of eighteen members, besides those subtle spiritualizing influences that go out from such a meeting, permeating a whole neighborhood, yet bearing no apparent fruit. Our services were very, very quiet, yet full of intense power. How the faces of the young converts shone! What beautiful testimonies some of them gave! "I love my Saviour, and I want to follow him all my life." "I can't say much, but I can say that I love Jesus." One expression was unique—"I wouldn't give up religion for a wagon-load of gold." I remember two ladies who had been bitter enemies just before the meeting, but who both became converted, kissing one another with tears just after the close of a quiet but intense service. On the day of the organization there was a severe snowstorm. One of the converts, a young cripple, was not able to come on his crutches, but he had a couple of his young associates draw him on a hand-sled through the snow to the place appointed. I do believe that there is just as much of the indomitable spirit of olden Congregationalism among us to-day as there was in the days of the Stuarts.

Then we held a meeting at White Salmon, W. T., just across the Columbia; result, five conversions; then a series of consecration services at the home church, beginning the new year; result, seven accessions and a great deepening of the spiritual life of the church; then another revival meeting at a point four miles from here, resulting in fifteen conversions and closing to-day by the organization of a third church. So, in less than two months, we have had four meetings, ninety services, forty-two conversions, two churches organized, and our membership raised from nineteen to fifty-two, all because we quit waiting for revivalists and went to work. And, too, how greatly the home church has been spiritualized by its members going out and working to save others! I am convinced that every pastor ought to spend part of his time in missionary work. The home church ought to spare him—ought to help him. The result would be broader sympathies and more warm practical Christianity in both pastor and people. But I must close. If you wish, I will tell you about my next meeting. Yours very truly, FREDERIC BALCH, Pastor First Congregational Church, Hood River, Or.

BOSTON NOTES.

Rev. Addison P. Foster, the Boston correspondent of the *Advocate*, reports that "Faneuil Hall was opened on Sunday, January 23d, for religious services, under the management of the Episcopalians, and Rev. Phillips Brooks conducted the worship and preached the sermon. The services were marked by the absence of a liturgy. Gospel hymns were sung, brass pieces accompanied the singing, the preacher was without a gown. The hall was filled with the people of the North End, admitted by ticket, that curiosity-hunters might not crowd them out. The sermon was on 'The Pity of God,' delivered without manuscript, and admirably adapted to its

purpose. The hall is also in use just now for religious meetings during the week. The evangelists Sam Jones and Sam Small, if I must use the undignified names by which they are universally known, are speaking there at noon to the market-men who crowd in, in their white frocks, from the neighboring markets to hear them. These evangelists are now in their second week. Their meetings are largely attended. On Monday, January 23d, Mr. Jones addressed the ministers in Tremont Temple. It was a grand audience. At the noon hour the large hall was filled. Toward the close he had much to say of the lack of courage on the part of ministers in the matter of temperance, how they feared their deacons who rented to liquor-sellers, and how he had told liquor men who threatened him with dynamite to go ahead. At this point Joseph Cook was asked to close the meeting with prayer, when, in the course of his petition, he used these startling words: 'May the evangelists of our land be burning glasses to concentrate the light of God, and may those glasses not be smoked.' No one can justify such an irreverent use of prayer; but, under the circumstances, one cannot wonder that, in such an opportunity for a sharp home thrust, Mr. Cook found the temptation too strong for human nature to resist. It is generally understood that the recent utterances of Rev. Mr. Gordon of the Old South, and those of Dr. Griggs, in relation to the American Board, do not express the feeling of their people."

Rev. Dr. Sylvanus Stall, of Lancaster, Pa., lately took a decided step in refusing to marry a young couple while the ceremony was in progress. Thinking that he detected the odor of liquor in the groom's breath, he asked him if he had been drinking. He at first denied but afterwards confessed it, when Dr. Stall declined to proceed, saying that he had resolved never to marry a man any way under the influence of liquor.

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THOUGHTS ON VISITING NIAGARA FALLS.

Proud cataract, around thy form
The thunders roar, the howling storm
Thou moorest in thy might;
As erst creation's work was o'er,
No sight like thine, from shore to shore,
The sun beheld in sight.

On centuries rolled, nor mortal ear
Thy thundering heard, nor quaked in fear,
While bending o'er thy fall;
Wild beasts' and echoing forests' roar
Howled mournful on thy desert shore,
And angels heard thy call.

An Indian, roaming o'er the plain
In rural sports, heard thy hoarse strain
In nature's anthem wild;
Then laid his deadly weapons by;
A savage yell shook earth and sky
From nature's wondering child.

Agas rolled on; white men, at last,
Trod Erie's strand, and hastened fast
Adown Niagara's stream;
Islets of green before him stood,
Like Delos fixed amid the flood;
Of cataracts never dreamed.

But rumbling sounds assailed his ear,
The rapid leap—God, God, is here!
A deafening peal resounded,
Outlet of all creation, why
Trembles the earth, the air, the sky,
On these enchanted grounds?

He comes, at last, upon the verge,
Looks down upon the awful surge,
Where tortured waters bound;
O God of wonders not in sky,
Thou roll'st, like an eternity,
Unceasing thunders down!

The present throngs that come and go,
The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
May never view these more;
But thou wilt hymn God's awful praise
To men of other climes and days,
As thou hast done before.

Come, every nation, far and near,
God's voice necessarily to hear,
And see his rainbow throne.
He speaks—a listening world is still;
All other streamlets seem a rill;
This wonder stands alone.

—Selected.

THE CENTRAL ENGINE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

The visible globe of the sun is 1,250,000 times as large as the earth; within the surface so seen there lies a mass exceeding the earth's 320,000 times; the materials present in the sun's globe are the same as those which form the globe of our earth—at least, we know that iron, copper, zinc, sodium, magnesium, calcium, titanium, and a number of other metallic elements, are present. Hydrogen is certainly there in enormous quantities, and Dr. Henry Draper proved also that oxygen is present, while no astronomer doubts that those other elements which have not as yet been detected in the sun are really present in his mass.

Now, have we any evidence as to the way in which the mighty mass of the sun is disposed within that surface which encloses what we term his volume?—though in reality one can hardly say what his volume is, seeing that there are portions of his mass outside the surface which bounds his visible globe. Is the sun's mass uniformly distributed throughout that visible globe 1,250,000 times as large as our earth? or is it concentrated toward the center? or, on the other hand, is the denser part near the surface, so that the sun is what Professor Young once suggested, a gigantic bubble? There are three lines on which we can seek for an answer to these questions:

1. We find that the visible surface of the sun behaves in a manner utterly inconsistent alike with the idea that this surface is near the real surface of an inferior globe, and with the idea that the visible surface is part of a mighty vesicle or bubble. The spot zones are carried around at different rates, according to their distance from the equatorial solar regions. Not to follow Faye and others in niceties of calculation (far from justified by the evidence we have), I may say that the equatorial zone gains about one rotation in seven on the spot zones, or, roughly, some 2,700,000 miles in 200 days—say 13,500 miles per day. Such a velocity as this, close on ten miles in a minute, could not possibly exist in a cloud-laden region (such as the visible surface of the sun undoubtedly is), and as affecting regions exceeding the whole surface of the earth thousands of times, unless that cloud-laden region were very far away from the real surface of the sun, and therefore from the frictional effects of the true solar rotation. The real mass of the sun, however distributed, can only rotate as one; the visible cloud surface has many rates of rotation; therefore there must be an enormous distance between the two.

2. Calculation has been made by competent mathematicians respecting the amount of polar compression which would arise from the rotation of a globe such as the sun appears to be, at the average rate of rotation indicated by the solar spots. It is found that the polar flattening would be well within the measuring capacity of our best instruments. But if there is one thing certain about the sun it is that (within such capacity) his apparent globe is not flattened at all. It is absolutely certain, then, that the real globe of the sun lies far within the surface of flowing clouds which we see and measure.

3. Our earth has her story to tell about the sun's interior. We know from the earth's crust that, for periods of time which geologists now estimate by tens of millions of years, the sun's power has been at work on the earth's crust, by rain, wind and storm, fashioning and refashioning the structure of that crust, now forming layers, anon cutting them up, but throughout leaving clear traces of his handiwork. Croll estimates the

duration of this part of the earth's history—that is, of the time during which the earth's crust has been forming under solar action—at fully one hundred millions of years. In other words, our earth tells us of at least one hundred millions of years of sun work, at the sun's present rate of working. It is a matter of no importance whether we suppose that the sun has worked all the time at his present rate, or has sometimes worked with more energy, sometimes with less. It is the quantity of sun work, not the way in which the work has been done, which alone has to be considered. Now all physicists and astronomers are agreed in regarding the sun's emission of heat as due wholly or almost wholly to solar gravitation, resulting in the steady contraction of the sun's mass. To get from the sun of past ages the amount of work which our earth tells us he has actually done, we must suppose him once to have been very much larger than he is now—how much larger we cannot say.

I take it, also, that the change which takes place in the aspect of the sun's corona as the number of sun spots varies, and the alteration of the physical condition of the corona—in such sort that when there are many spots, its spectrum indicates the presence of glowing hydrogen, whereas, when there are few, the lines of hydrogen are few or wanting—correspond also with the theory that the time of sun spots is a time of great eruptive activity. For the rush of ejected masses through the coronal region would cause the hydrogen present there (not as an atmosphere, but irregularly distributed and moving around the sun) to glow with greater luster, so as to show the lines of hydrogen in the spectrum of the corona.

It is, at any rate, remarkable that all the facts known to us in regard to the sun spots themselves, to the colored flames, and to the corona, should agree in confirming that which is already all but demonstrated by three strong lines of evidence, that the real working mass of the sun is very much smaller than the globe we measure as his, and that all the phenomena which give so great an interest to the study of the sun are due to tremendous forces at work tens of thousands of miles below the surface which limits our view of his globe, and hides from us the processes by which the life of the solar system is maintained.—R. A. Proctor, in Harper's Magazine.

THE POPE'S TREATMENT OF VISITORS.

Pope Leo XIII is more fond of ceremony than his predecessor, as the following account of a private audience illustrates: As soon as the Pope is at liberty, Monsignor Macchi opens the door and announces the visitor. Entering the room, the Pope is found seated in an arm-chair, and, as soon as he raises his hand in act of benediction, the visitor falls on his knees once near the door, the second time in the middle of the room, and the third time immediately in front of the Holy Father, who extends his foot for the visitor to kiss the gold cross which is embroidered on his white slipper. After subsequently kissing the superb sapphire which forms his pastoral ring, the visitor rises and remains standing during the interview. The Pope himself generally likewise rises and leans against a large table which constitutes almost the sole furniture of this apartment. Only the cardinals are allowed to sit in his presence on two stools, which are placed on either side of his arm-chair for the purpose. The Pope always begins the conversation. He talks much and at great length. He seems to listen to the sound of his own voice, and his conversation, which becomes animated, frequently struck me as being remarkable for a picturesque eloquence which he is careful to avoid in his public speeches. When he motions that the audience is at an end, the slipper and the ring are again kissed while he is in the act of pronouncing the benediction, and then one has to back out, making the same three genuflections as on entering.—Selected.

CATHOLICS WILL NOT COMPROMISE ON BEER.

The official bulletin of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, signed by Philip A. Nolan, General Secretary, says: "We must open our eyes to the magnitude of the work before us, and to the terrible power which the liquor interests have gained in America. The recent convention in New York City of the United Brewers' Association represented a production of 17,000,000 barrels of beer, and an invested capital of over \$100,000,000. No wonder that it commanded a warm address of welcome from the Mayor of New York! It is powerful enough to influence legislation in most of the United States, to control nearly every large city in America, and to prevent representatives in legislatures from even placing wholesale restrictions around the liquor traffic. The cool assurance of the beer men in their convention that 'beer is a preventive of drunkenness,' in the face of the frightful extent of drunkenness now existing after years of beer-drinking, shows the necessity of greater vigilance and exertion on the part of total abstinents, especially in combating and exposing the fallacy that the general use of beer, instead of spirituous liquors, promotes temperance. This fallacy has deluded thousands of our people, and sent them, ruined in soul and body, into drunkards' graves."

Whatever happens, let us not be too busy to sit at Jesus' feet.—Aitken.

THE HERO WAS SLAIN.

One of the farmers who succeeded in backing his wagon into place at the City Hall Market yesterday morning had several errands to do around the neighborhood, and he left his son of fourteen on the vehicle to make a sale of five or six bags of potatoes. The old man had scarcely disappeared when a bill-distributor came along, and threw into the wagon the first chapters of a sensational serial. The boy grabbed for the "fly," and began to devour the literature in chunks and hunks, and of the half-dozen people who came along and asked the price of his potatoes he answered only one, and him so absent-mindedly that no sale was made. In about half an hour the old man returned. He halted at the back end of the wagon, and took in the situation, and then asked:

"George, what you got?"
"Story."
"What about?"
"Injuns."
"Do they kill anybody?"
"They're after a feller, and I guess they'll git him."
"He's the hero, I s'pose?"
"Yes."
"Don't sell any taters, does he?"
"No."

"I thought not, but I reckon I'll soon know the reason why."
With that he leisurely climbed over the tail-board, reached for the boy, and the shaking up that youth received will make him dream of earthquakes for many nights to come.

"You don't want any more of that," said the old man, as he finished business and dropped the "fly" overboard. "The Injuns not only overtook the hero, but they slew him in the most fatal manner, and don't you forget it! Now you git up 'n' gallop, and sell these taters."—Free Press.

KEEPING WORSHIPERS AWAKE.

In olden times many pious individuals considered it a good work to set aside part of their worldly wealth for keeping the members of the congregation from sleeping during divine services.

On the 17th of April, 1725, John Rudge bequeathed to the parish of Trysull, in Shropshire, twenty shillings a year, that a poor man might be employed to go about the church during the sermon and keep the people awake.

A bequest of Richard Doyery of Farmcote, dated 1659, had in view the payment of eight shillings in the church of Claverly, Shropshire, for a similar purpose.

At Acton church, in Cheshire, about thirty years ago, one of the church wardens used to go around in the church during service with a huge wand in his hand, and if any of the congregation were asleep they were instantly awakened by a tap on the head.

At Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, a similar custom existed. A person bearing a stout wand, shaped like a hay fork at the end, stepped stealthily up and down the nave and aisles, and whenever he saw an individual asleep he touched him so effectually that the spell was broken—this being sometimes done by fitting the fork to the nape of the neck.

A more playful method is said to have been used in another church, where the beadle went round the edifice during service carrying a long staff, at one end of which was a fox's brush, and at the other a knob. With the former he gently tickled the faces of the female sleepers, while on the heads of their male companions he bestowed with the knob a sensible rap.

AN EVEN BALANCE.

A minister of the gospel was once deliberating regarding a change in his field of labor. The question was whether he should remain where he was, in a comfortable position, or whether he should leave the place where he was preaching and go away, trusting in the Lord, and proclaim the glad tidings of salvation in the regions beyond. He was unsettled as to the right course, and consulted his friend the tailor, who put the case somewhat in this way:

"If, on weighing the matter, you cannot decide what the path of duty is, it must be because there is something in one side of the scales that ought not to be there. You take that out, and it will be easy to decide the matter."

The minister promptly accepted the suggestion, and admitted that there was something in the scales; the question of salary is there, and it was this that made him undecided. When that matter was set aside, he found it very easy to make up his mind as to the path of duty.

It is very important that we weigh our motives in an even balance. Self must stand aside; and if we seek to serve the Lord, we must be willing to endure trials, privations and losses, if we may but win Christ and be found of him in peace.

Let us weigh our acts in an even balance. Let self-will and pride and self-interest stand aside, while we seek to stand in the counsel of God and walk in his commandments, laboring to work his work and do his will. We cannot well do much for the Lord until we abandon our own desires, and yield ourselves servants to obey that One Master who hath bought us with his blood.—The Common People.

It should be one of our objects in the morning service to inspire the soul with the spirit of worship for the latter part of the day, so that "Jesus all the day long should be the soul and the song."—Christian Recorder.

HIS INNER LIFE.

About a year ago a prominent broker in New York died, and was discovered, to the surprise of all the business world, to be bankrupt. His estate was brought to the hammer. He had been a noted collector of works of art, and the sale attracted connoisseurs and dealers in pictures, rare and antique furniture, china and bric-a-brac. The sale of his library was the most important of the year. Catalogues were sold at a high price, and the lovers of fine editions in all parts of the country came or appointed agents to compete for the treasures which, at enormous cost, he had gathered on his shelves.

Several ladies were present. Among them, one in deep mourning, seated in a quiet corner, attracted much silent sympathy. It was his only child, a married daughter, who had just arrived from New Orleans, for the purpose, it was supposed, of securing some of the rare volumes which her father had accumulated with such infinite trouble and cost, and had held at such priceless value. As one volume and another was put up, the auctioneer glanced at her, expecting her to bid, but she remained motionless. Old Elzevirs, unique folios, specimens of the earliest or the most perfect printing, were sold, but she made no effort to keep them. At last, near the close of sale, a small octavo, cheaply bound, but well-worn, was put up. She bid on it eagerly. One or two dealers, seeing her agitation, and supposing she would know the chief treasure of the collection, opposed her. The price rose rapidly. She was a poor woman, as they all knew, but she continued to bid, with pale cheeks and trembling lips. The book was knocked down to her at last, at an exorbitant price, and she at once left the hall.

"What rare treasure have you gained?" said a friend who went out with her.

She opened it. It was a cheap, common copy of the New Testament. There were faint pencil-marks against some of the verses.

"I knew my father had this book; I have seen him read it. I came from New Orleans to find it. These little marks show me his secret thoughts."

Now that the rich man was dead, the faint pencil-lines on the cheap book were worth to her all the vast sums and all the rich treasures he had gathered, for they showed that his soul was at peace with God.

Before we decide on the value of an object or give ourselves to its pursuit, we should consider how much it will be worth to us the day after our death.—Youth's Companion.

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A LITTLE STORY.

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HAMS,

Too, and shoulders are lower. A California ham we are not ashamed of, 10c, and the best sugar-cured, 11c. They weigh from 8 to 12 pounds each; finest Eastern, 12½ to 14c; shoulders that we can guarantee, 7c. Bacon depends on the weight or thickness; 7c, 8c, 9c, 10c for the different grades of city sugar-cured. Sometimes we have country made bacon at 5c to 6c, and shoulders too. Eastern hams weigh 13 to 17 lbs. We have most of the choice brands.

RAISINS, RICE, BEANS.

All lower—Beans of the first quality, either bayou, pea, butter, pink, or red, 2c, and second quality 1½c; but when anything is so cheap it is as well to buy the best. Rice, 4½ to 5c. Never saw better than we offer at 5c. Raisins, we are sorry to say, have made a grand tumble, and we have tons of them to dispose of. Grapes, good to extra, 3½c to 4½c. Raisins: our 5c are good, at 6c we have better, at 7c we have choice. This is in bulk, you know. Twenty-pound boxes layers or loose muscatels, \$1.20 to \$1.50. They have to go. We have all kinds of dry and canned fruits. You need not hesitate to order what you want. Everything sold at

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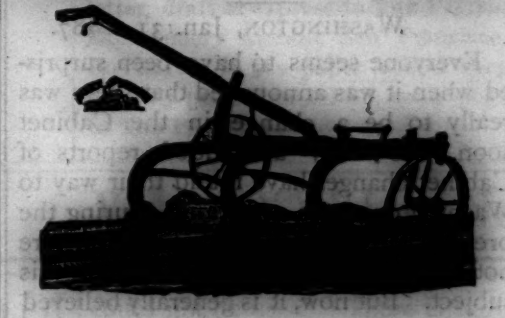
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WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 31, 1887.

Everyone seems to have been surprised when it was announced that there was really to be a change in the Cabinet soon. So many unfounded reports of Cabinet changes have found their way to Washington, from a distance, during the present Administration, that people were not disposed to credit any rumor on this subject. But now, it is generally believed that Secretary Manning intends to leave the Treasury Department after the adjournment of Congress, to accept the presidency of the new National Bank of New York, at a salary of \$20,000, more than twice what he gets as a member of the Cabinet. There has been much speculation during the past few days as to his probable successor, and as to whether his resignation has anything to do with unpleasantness between him and the President.

There has been another Woman Suffrage debate in the Senate and another vote, with the usual result. "That was a magnificent triumph," exclaimed Miss Susan B. Anthony, as she gazed at the printed record of the vote of two to one against her, with which the Senate rejected the sixteenth amendment. There is nothing like her unflinching cheerfulness in the midst of defeat. She cannot be dismayed by adversity, and optimistically greets every reverse with a smile of hope. There has also been a rattling and spirited Woman's Suffrage convention at this favorite rallying point of theirs since I last wrote you. This was their nineteenth annual meeting here, and Miss Anthony says it was one of the most successful they have ever had. The meetings were largely attended and the speaking was the best that the ladies could do. They were much pleased at the good attendance, and compared the overflowing audiences of this winter with the empty benches which they addressed in years gone by, saying it was now almost the fashionable thing to do to go to the Woman's Rights convention. They have planned a great celebration for next winter, in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the beginning of their movement in this country. Forty years ago, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, at a meeting in Seneca Falls, N. Y., introduced the first resolution favoring the franchise of woman. She is billed for a speech on the same subject at the anniversary celebration, although her husband is quoted as saying that she is done with the suffrage agitation. Mr. Stanton said that his wife is convinced that her sex does not want to vote. They do not suffer any inconvenience from the lack of the ballot, added he; they do not desire it to any appreciable extent, and the suffrage agitators are banging away at something that offers no response whatever. He thought if one woman in every ten, yes, in every hundred, would petition Congress for the ballot they would get it at once.

As the time for the President to sign or veto the Inter-State Commerce bill approaches, interest in the subject increases. Senators and Representatives question each other, in order to learn all the talk of the houses and lobbies, and reports that the President will sign it or veto it fly alternately between the White House and the Capitol. Assuming that the measure will get the Executive signature, if there is any difficulty in the selection of men to serve their country on the railway commission at \$7,500 a year, it will not be found in the sparsity of candidates; but, rather, in the redundancy of talent that will be spread before the President. There are about sixty men who have been mentioned for commissioners, many of whom have been prominent and are now relegated to private life.

The issue between the President and the Senate in regard to the Recorder of Deeds is very simple, and cannot, in its present phase, be distorted into a question involving the right of a colored Democrat to hold office, as has been attempted. The people of the District asked for one of their own men for the office. The President served them with a stranger, and the Senate refused to confirm the appointment. The President reappointed him, and the Senate again rejected him. That is all there is of it. And, until the name of a colored citizen of the District is sent in for the office by the President, and rejected by the Senate, it cannot honestly be claimed that the color-line issue is a factor in the case.

BORN.

BICKFORD.—To the wife of Rev. W. F. Bickford of Berkeley, a son.

MARRIED.

HENDRIX-BURCHMAN.—At Paradise, January 18, 1887, by Rev. E. Hopkins, William S. Hendrix to Miss Catherine M. Burchman, both of Paradise.

DIED.

GILLET.—In Long Valley, December 26, 1886, Susan M., daughter of the late A. G. Wood of San Francisco.

WOOD.—In Leominster, Mass., January 23d, Edith F., wife of the late A. G. Wood of San Francisco.

Mr. John Byers, a Scotchman, who re-built an Episcopal church in Andover, Mass., at a cost of \$40,000, placed a tablet in the wall, in memory of his father and mother with the touching inscription, "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, FEB. 20.

GEN. 18: 28-33.

BY REV. W. L. JONES.

After the covenant set forth in the last lesson, and the ceremonies attending its acceptance, God again appeared unto Abraham to give him further instruction. One thing was noticeable in the

APPEARANCE.

It was in the open air and in broad daylight. Abraham sat in his tent door in the heat of the day. In the distance he saw three beings in the form of men, and he ran out to meet them. This was the old way of getting communications from the other world. It would very much degrade the scene and diminish our confidence in the account if we had been told that Abraham went into his tent in the evening and put out nearly all the light, and then saw, in the faint glimmer, the hand or face of a man and heard a voice. When a man really has a communication from heaven he knows it. It was here that Abraham had his

FIRST LESSON.

In his preparation for becoming the founder of a great nation. God would not conceal from him his intention to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah. Their sin was great; they did not repent. The instructor of the nation would need to know that unforgiven sin would bring ruin upon the greatest nation. The scene upon which he was about to look, with a full knowledge of the cause of it, would be a valuable and an enduring lesson. "It would lead him to command his children and his household after him, that they may keep the way of the Lord." There is much reason to think that one of the three persons who appeared to Abraham at that time was Christ. He is here called

THE LORD.

After entertaining the three in a hospitable manner, two of them went on to Sodom, and Abraham "stood yet before the Lord." In his attempt to reason with him he refers to him as the "Judge of all the earth." It was, then, not by faith and prophetic vision alone that Abraham saw the day of Christ and was glad; he who was "before Abraham" (John viii: 58) stood before him by the oak of Mamre. It seems, at first, strange that God should say, "I will

GO DOWN.

And see if the case is as bad as has been reported." He sees from heaven as well as from the plain. But there is a human, as well as a divine, side to this matter of sin and punishment. From our place of observation, it is good to know that all is fair and just. Nothing is done blindly or hastily. Punishment comes only after fair trial. But we are not the only persons interested in this matter. The heavenly inhabitants wish to know the relation between the sin and the penalty. Perhaps this was why the two angels alone went on to the city while the Lord remained to instruct his pupil. When all is done the whole host of heaven will adore the justice, as well as the mercy, of God. We are also interested to see with what assurance Abraham

ARGUES WITH GOD.

He thinks the plan too harsh. He fancies that he has a more tender regard for his fellow-men than their Creator has. He thinks he sees the indiscriminate overthrow of the righteous and the wicked. He makes six suppositions (all of them wrong) for the defense of Sodom. He comes down from fifty to ten, and cannot make out his case. If he had known more, he would have said less against the course of God's providence. The same ignorance of much that God knows leads men to question now the wisdom of the unequal distribution of joys and pains among men, and talk with assurance of what God will do with the heathen. With narrow view and insufficient knowledge, they ask, reprovingly, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" We see, in part, from this lesson how much the wicked

OWE THE RIGHTEOUS.

Ten righteous men, in Sodom, would have saved the city. They could have gone on in their iniquities as before, and even have mobbed the angels while lodged in Lot's house; and the sun would have smiled on the city each day, and the rains would have fallen in their season, with no mingling of blasting fires. So, now, the profane, and vile, and drunken who make our daily news a chapter of horrors, still live in as much security as their evil practices will allow, because there are, at least, ten righteous in the city. The selfish and covetous can still grind the poor, and fare sumptuously in food for which they give no thanks, and yet escape the fate of Sodom, because there are ten righteous in the city. Since God is still just, and, on the principle taught in this lesson, intends to make, in this life, so little discrimination between the righteous and the wicked in the matter of material prosperity, then the future must reveal

STRANGE CHANGES.

In the relation which men will sustain to each other in the world to come. If it were unjust to destroy the righteous with the wicked, it were equally unjust to bless them both with like favors. Justice demands that the gold be separated from the dross. Since our cities will have no standing in the other world, there will be no opportunity for any "ten" to hold a protecting shield over other thousands. Individual character will be the basis upon which justice will proceed. Mercy sought and found in Christ will be far more to a man than ten, or even fifty, righteous neighbors.

MR. MOODY FIFTY YEARS OLD.

MAKE A BIRTHDAY GIFT TO HIS SCHOOLS.

On the 5th of this month Mr. D. L. Moody became 50 years of age. In view of this anniversary, a number of his friends are making a birthday testimonial in the shape of an endowment fund for his schools at Northfield. Mr. Moody and his evangelistic work are too well known to need any mention here. As he enters upon his fiftieth year, he is engaged in evangelistic work in his old home in Chicago, where his meetings are as large and as successful as they have ever been. He is also arranging to organize a lay college in Chicago, for which \$250,000 have just been subscribed. Mr. Moody's schools in Northfield were started some seven years ago. Returning from his successful evangelistic work abroad, and selecting as his permanent home the place of his birth, Northfield, Mass., his first thought was that his native place called for some effort on his part. Feeling the great disadvantage he had labored under all his life from a lack of early education, which he has only overcome by hard study in after years, he decided to organize a school for his neighbors. As this plan took shape its dimensions grew. First, he opened his own home for a few young ladies, and thus started his young ladies' boarding-school. Next he erected a modest building across the way; then East Hall was built at a cost of thirty thousand dollars; next followed Frederick Marquand Hall, costing sixty thousand dollars, the gift of Mr. D. W. McWilliams, residuary legatee of the Marquand estate. Next followed Stone Hall. A new library building is now in process of erection, to cost twenty thousand dollars, the gift of Mr. James Talcott of New York, and an additional dormitory, costing a like amount, the gift of D. M. Weston of Boston. Two additional frame houses are being fitted up for dormitories. These facilities will afford accommodation for about three hundred young ladies. The school now numbers over two hundred pupils. The school buildings occupy two hundred and fifty acres, which are beautifully laid out in park and woodland, traversed by a romantic glen, called Bonar Glen. An artificial lake of some three acres for rowing and skating has been provided at a cost of four thousand dollars, a gift of Mr. J. W. Wannamaker of Philadelphia.

Mr. Hermon, the school for young men, is about two miles from Northfield. It is beautifully situated on the west bank of the Connecticut river, and consists of four hundred acres, purchased at a cost of \$12,500. This school was started with a gift of \$25,000 from Mr. Hiram Camp of New Haven. It was opened in the old farm building with the addition of a wooden building for a recitation hall. Next four brick buildings were erected, and a large dining-hall. But soon the school exceeded the proportion of these buildings, and Crossley Hall and a new dining-hall were erected, with accommodations for over two hundred additional students, and with halls for chapel, library, museum, etc.

Over five hundred young men and young women, representing a dozen nationalities, are now being trained in these schools, in which a leading feature of every course is the study of the Bible and practical Christian work. Both schools are chartered, and are under the control of efficient Boards of Trustees and Managers. Mr. Moody has an advisory supervision of them; and, when not engaged in evangelistic work, delivers lectures on Bible study and practical Christian work five times each week. His vacations, and any leisure he may have from his active work elsewhere, is given to their management. He has expended nearly \$500,000 in the purchase of grounds, erection of buildings and the equipment of the schools. This money has been received chiefly in gifts of large amounts from friends of Mr. Moody, which has been supplemented by smaller gifts from very many interested in his work. The school for young men is designed, not only to give the benefits of education to young men of moderate means, but to train young men for missionaries, evangelists and Christian workers. It is not designed to supplant the Theological Seminary or to turn out a lot of second-class preachers, but the purpose is to send out each year a large number of young men well educated and thoroughly trained to do such Christian work as they may be fitted for and may be open to them. So, too, with the Young Ladies' Seminary. It is designed, not only to place within the reach of young ladies of moderate means a good education, but, also, to train them for missionaries, teachers and useful Christian women.

The entire expense, in either institution, is placed at the moderate sum of \$100 a year, which amount is far below the actual cost. But, as the number of students increases, the deficiency for each scholar will be materially reduced. The income from this endowment fund, which is now being given, is to provide for such deficiency as may arise each year, for the permanent betterment of the schools, and for assisting deserving young men and young women who may desire to become Christian workers, in securing an education and training for their work.

This information will be received by persons of means, from whom gifts of considerable amounts may be expected. Some may endow a scholarship, which amounts to \$3,000. But there are many persons of moderate means on this Coast who have been benefited by Mr. Moody, and would like some opportuni-

ty of expressing their appreciation of him and his work. Mr. Moody himself desires no financial help from his friends, but would very gladly receive gifts of any amount, large or small, in aid of his schools. Any one who is willing to give or pledge a gift in aid of this Birthday Testimonial can send their gifts or pledges to Mr. D. L. Moody himself at Northfield, Mass., or to Mr. James Talcott, the Treasurer of the Testimonial Fund, 108 Franklin street, New York, during the month of February, and pledges may be made payable at any time during the year 1887.

At a meeting of the directors of the Home of Industry and Refuge for ex-Convicts, held last Friday afternoon, the following resolutions, in respect for the late Dr. John Scott, were adopted: "We the members of the Board of Directors of the Home of Industry and Refuge for ex-Convicts desire to publicly express our high esteem for the late Dr. John Scott, as a gentleman and Christian philanthropist, and our sense of loss in his removal from our midst, as a fellow-member and co-laborer. We also desire to extend to the family of Dr. Scott our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement."

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Dr. H. C. French, whose advertisement is in another column, is a graduate of the New York Ophthalmic College, and Professor of Eye and Ear Diseases and Surgery in the Homeopathic College of San Francisco. He has familiarized himself with European methods of treatment of eye and ear troubles, in a recent trip abroad, when he was the valued foreign correspondent of THE PACIFIC, by whose managers he is highly esteemed.

CATARH.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat. By a few applications of Ely's Cream Balm I received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle.—Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N. Y. I could scarcely speak; it was almost impossible to breathe through my nostrils. Using Ely's Cream Balm a short time, the trouble entirely disappeared.—J. O. Tichenor, shoe merchant, Elizabeth, N. J.

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